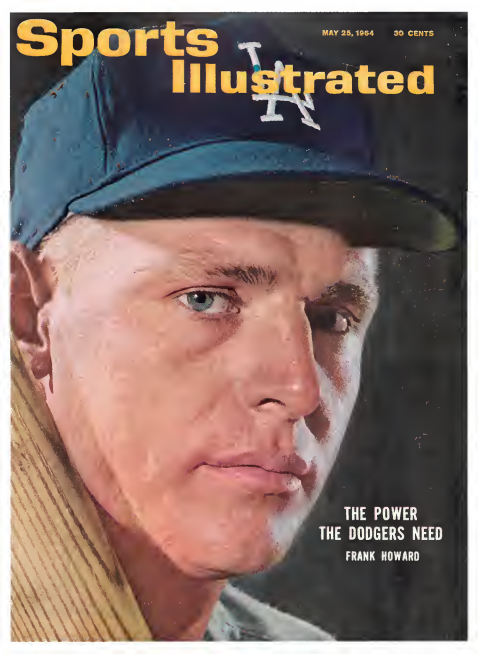


Sports Illustrated



MAY 25, 1964

30 CENTS

THE POWER
THE DODGERS NEED

FRANK HOWARD



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
GIN DISTILLERS—
BOOTH & DISTILLERIES LTD
LONDON, ENGLAND

This is Britain's Finest

In England, an order for a gin drink made with "the finest" can only mean Booth's. That's why your order for a House of Lords martini means you get the finest gin that England sends us, and the world's costliest to produce. It has a unique difference in color, in flavor and bouquet—a subtle difference, but you can tell it in the dark. And it will tell you why there is no gin in all the world like Booth's House of Lords.

BOOTH'S
**HOUSE
OF
LORDS**
GIN

DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN
NEUTRAL SPIRITS + 96 PROOF
IMPORTED BY
W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N.Y., NY
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.



Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" pages appear only in the copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that go to our friends in the advertising business.

memo

TO ADVERTISERS

FROM STEPHEN E. KELLY

MAY 25, 1964

SI is 10 years old this year, and so we've not only been taking a look back over the past decade to see where we've been, but also peering ahead over the next 10 years to see where we're going—especially in light of various predictions from a number of authoritative sources on tomorrow's markets.

Some of the predictions for 1974 are so stupendous that they take a little getting used to. For instance, when was the last time you bandied a "trillion" about, even in this era of huge numbers? It's a number which does not yet come trippingly to the tongue, but a "trillion dollars" will be a lot more familiar 10 years or so from now, because in 1974 America's Gross National Product is going to be darn close to that futuristic figure.

GNP

1954	363 BILLION*
1964	600 BILLION*
1974	1 TRILLION*



How about moving to the suburbs? It looks as if everybody else will be—130,000,000 strong by 1974!

Suburban population

1954	38,000,000*
1964	50,000,000*
1974	130,000,000*



A special introductory offer

U.S. Royal[®] has developed a tire construction that is so strong, we can make this unheard-of offer:

If the tire fails for any reason, except for a repairable puncture or deliberate abuse, as long as there is still $\frac{1}{16}$ " of original tread left,

U.S. Royal will give you a brand new tire free.

Do not confuse this offer with the usual "partial allowance" toward a new tire, based on remaining tread.

This offer covers:

The U.S. Royal first-line tire

(Safety 800)

The tiger's paw

(Red-circle Super Safety 800)

The U.S. Royal premium tire

(Red-circle Royal Master)

Road hazards are included in the offer.

No time limit. No mileage limit.

Offer applies to passenger car replacement tires purchased and registered between now and August 15th

U.S. Royal at any U.S. Royal dealer displaying this emblem.

And there's no catch.

For nearest U.S. Royal tire dealer, see the Yellow Pages.





Only Norelco with rotary blades gives you the Comfort Shave

Norelco Speedshavers give you the most comfortable way to shave close and clean. The reason: rotary blades. They go round and round to stroke off whiskers without pinch or pull.

If your morning shave is a source of irritation or discomfort, it's time you enjoyed the *comfort* shave. The shave you get only from Norelco with rotary blades. And with the new battery-operated Norelco Cordless you get this shave *anywhere*—outdoors or in.

Whirling continuously at 3500 turns a minute, Norelco rotary blades *stroke* off whiskers no matter which way they grow. Rotary blades never stop, never change direction as the blades of back-and-forth shavers do. Made of surgical steel, self-sharpening rotary blades give you the most comfortable way to shave close and clean, 365 days a year. For years on end.

Don't put up with the pinch and pull of ordinary shaving another day. Start getting the *comfort* shave today.



Twin heads swivel to fit face. World-wide use. 110/220 volts (AC/DC). New Norelco "Heating-Head" Speedshaver 30.



Cordless—shaves *anywhere*. Battery-powered. Zippered case with mirror. New Norelco Cordless Speedshaver 20G.



Fast "flip-top" cleaning. Latest model of world's best seller. Popular price. New Norelco "Flip-top" Speedshaver® 20.

Other Norelco Comfort Shave Products: Prelec® pre-shave lotion, Filaflex® after-shave lotion, Shaver Cleaner, clean, oil-shaver, Home Barber Kit; saves money on haircuts. Great for children.

Norelco®

© 1984

WORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

Other products: Hearing Aids, Purses, Radio Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Clocking Machines, Musical Toys, Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

Visit Norelco at the New York World's Fair Better Living Center

Contents

MAY 25, 1964 Volume 20 No. 21

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

26 Three for the Triple Crown

A superb team of owner, trainer and rider wins the *Peak* news with *Northern Dancer* and aims for the *Belmont*

30 An Easy Row on the Road to Japan

A crew as well oiled and precisely machined as a *Rolls-Royce* starts its trip to Tokyo on a *Massachusetts* lake

32 Fast Fords and a Great Scot

Top qualifiers for *Indianapolis*, *Ford*-engined cars become the favorites. A *Scotsman* drove fastest of all

36 A Place That Rocky Knows

Goat *Rock's* *Winterson* knows well the labyrinthine ways of *Florida's* *Ten Thousand Islands*, home of the snook

52 Being Second Gets a Man Down

In *Part III* of his journal, *Jack Nicklaus* becomes an oyster-eating Irishman and an annoyed runner-up

66 The Dodgers' Troubled Giant

Ernie pinner *Frank Howard* must come through if the *Dodgers* hope to win another pennant

88 Goo, Golf and Games

A famous *British* writer takes *Europe's* spin and finds there is more to their cures than mud and water

The departments

14 Scorecard	84 Track & Field
74 People	109 Baseball's Week
76 Golf	110 For the Record
78 Bridge	111 19th Hole



30



32



36



52



66



88



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Archives letters on page 110

Next week

TOP RACING DRIVER A. J. Foyt now turns from sports cars back to big roadsters in the hope of repeating his 1961 "500" victory. **Bob Ottum** probes a pungent personality.

A FORGOTTEN AMERICAN Marathon Runner **Buddy Ebsen**, has English ways but, win or lose this time in Yonkers, he is America's finest long-distance prospect in 56 years.

OUR OLYMPIC BOXERS have given the U.S. several pro stars. Now a new crop vies for places on the 1964 team. **Robert H. Boyle** focuses on the likeliest winners in Japan—and after.



Be suspicious!

Make sure you see it on the label.

If you don't, stomp off.

Or see the manager.

Be a real pain in the neck.

You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see **SANFORIZED**.

You can't be sure of the best wash-and-wear performance unless you see **SANFORIZED plus**.

Right there. On the label.

Don't fall for a glib "It's the same thing."

If it is, why doesn't it say so?

You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".

Get them.

Secretaries should never tell their Bosses where to go (just how to get there)

One of the nicest things a Boss can do for his secretary is simply to go away for a while. If he'll be nice to her, she'll be nice to him—by booking the best possible airline reservations. When his trip is to Texas, it's easy to be in the know: Braniff International service. Here are a few why's. Braniff offers Advance Check-in, which ends ticket counter line-ups... handsome El Dorado Clubs in New York and Dallas for all Braniff passengers... and real Braniff International service all the way. First Class, Coach and Family Plan. If more Bosses knew about this they'd probably travel more. Now there's a thought for you.



enjoy **BRANIFF**

Specialists in international jet service to Texas or to South America.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS

From Nikon



Nikkorex 8 Zoom

Unusually compact movie-reflex has famous Zoom-Nikkor 1:8 lens with 4x zoom range, thru-the-lens viewing, fully automatic push-button operation and a host of other features and accessories. Under \$170. See your dealer or write Dept. SI-3 Nikon Inc. 111 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 3

Schubert of Electronic Photo-Optical Industries, Inc.



Not by golf alone need man live at The Equinox. After playing the superlative 6750 yard course your family or foursome may volley at the new tennis courts, cast for mountain trout or swim at the modern pool — all on 1600 acres of country club privacy. Historic New England scenery, a magnificent cuisine, nightly dancing and entertainment, and accommodations designed for dreaming round out your Equinox week or weekend.

The Equinox
HOUSE and LODGES
MANCHESTER, VERMONT

For details and reservations: Your travel agency or Thomas F. Farley, President and Managing Director

SHOPWALK

The preppy sweat shirt has a lot of flash on the beaches this summer

The longest scrimmage field in the country this year is on the California coast, where jerseys bearing the numbers of National Football League stars are the latest craze among teen-agers. The jerseys are worn for warmth over swimsuits on the beach, or for protection against cuts and bruises while surfing. The fad started last year when high school and college athletes wore more basketball- and football-uniform shirts on the beach than ever before. California sportswear makers noted the trend and, before you could call signals in a huddle, came out with imitation football shirts for everyone. The short-sleeved jerseys are available this summer in a variety of styles and colors, but the most popular



is one modeled after a New York Giants' practice shirt with Frank Gifford's No. 16 on it (above). Asked how he felt about thousands of surfers wearing his number, Gifford replied, "Anyone who can ride the big waves is entitled to wear any number he wants."

Janitzen makes the Gifford shirt as well as a Terry Baker No. 15 Los Angeles Rams' jersey and a Green Bay Packers' jersey with Paul Hornung's No. 5. Sizes range from small to large for children (54) and from small to extra large for men (55). They can be ordered from Prange's in Green Bay, Wis.

Sweat shirts with the sleeves hacked off also were popular with young surfers last summer. This year, Himalaya, another crafty sportswear maker, came out with a ready-made sawed-off sweat shirt. The sleeves are cut short and the ribbing around the bottom

continued



PICK YOUR PLACE...AND SEASON...



**VACATION TIME IS A WONDERFUL TIME...
WITH GENERAL MOTORS CLIMATE CONTROL**

Long journey or weekend jaunt... make this vacation one that your family will enjoy even more—with Harrison four-season climate control! Everywhere you travel... every season... the temperature in your car is comfortable—whether it's warm, chilly, sweltering or freezing outside. And dirt, pollen and excess humidity are removed from climate control's refreshing, conditioned air. Everybody stays alert, freshly groomed. Insects and wind are kept outside. It's quieter inside... easy on the nerves. Even children are calmer. Try this great new way to get away with the family. See your Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile or Buick dealer for a four-season climate control demonstration.

* COMPRESSOR BY FRIGIDAIRE

FOUR-SEASON CLIMATE CONTROL IS NOW AVAILABLE ON MOST OF THE SMALLER-SIZE GENERAL MOTORS CARS, TOO.

For a demonstration of the four-season benefits of Comfort Control, see your Chevrolet dealer.

FOUR-SEASON
CAR CLIMATE CONTROL

GM
HARRISON

GENERAL MOTORS *Performance*
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

HARRISON RADIATOR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, LOCKPORT, NEW YORK



What does a tennis player require? We asked Ken Rosewell

Ken told us that he needed tough fabric, and that the tailoring had to stress comfort. If it's good looking, that's extra, said Ken. Mostly it has to feel right. We showed Ken the long-tailed shirt with the black Jantzen International Sports Club emblem, for about \$5.95. Absolutely perfect, said Ken. He made two suggestions about the Ken Rosewall tennis shorts, about \$6.95. We followed them. The Ken Rosewall cable all-wool sweater (about \$18.95) shouldn't be changed, said Ken. The Ken Rosewall cotton knit warm-up jacket, about \$5.95, with the zipper front is perfect, said Ken. What shall we call the new Jantzen tennis shirt, shorts, sweater, and jacket, we asked Ken; may we use your name? I expect you to, said Ken.

sportswear for sportsmen



"...you say the customer likes to golf?"

When there are details to check and things to do quickly, foresighted businessmen prefer lodgings with **Guest-Dial Phone Service**. Travelers dial local calls direct, reach Long Distance with a spin of the dial. **Room-to-Room Dialing** saves steps, insures

privacy. **Portable Phones** are handy for taking and making calls... and **Guest Reservation Service** confirms accommodations by Long Distance or teletypewriter. A good prospect on your next trip is a motel or hotel with **Guest-Dial Phone Service**.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Serving you

This Ad is about the fashionable comfort of Tropik-NIT[®]



B T-Shirt in Tropik-NIT. A must under sport or dress shirts. Extra long cut. Nyla-rib nylon reinforced neckband never sags out of shape. \$1.50

C Brief in Tropik-NIT. Most comfortable mesh brief ever! Scientifically constructed for healthful masculine support. Waistband guaranteed for life of the garment. \$1.25

D Athletic Shirt in Tropik-NIT. Premium cut with tailored look, contoured shirt tail. All Tropik-NIT garments are machine washable, guaranteed not to shrink out of fit. \$1.25

A Tropik-NIT is Munsingwear's exclusive new cotton and nylon knit fabric. It's softer. More absorbent. That's why you can wear it comfortably all year 'round. Its net-like mesh is cool in summer, warm in winter. Only Munsingwear makes comfort this fashionable. Have three styles to coordinate your wardrobe.

Munsingwear

...it's worth the difference!



Nearly every man and boy wears something by Munsingwear • Munsingwear, Inc., Minneapolis 5, Minnesota

No balance wheel,
no mainspring,
no hairspring,
no tick, no tock.

Accutron made
them obsolete.



Old-fashioned balance wheel is still used in all wind, self-wind, and electric watches. It is not used in the Accutron time circuit.



Accutron tuning fork keeps virtually perfect time and compares with the first guarantee of accuracy ever given.

We do not call this timepiece a watch. All the parts that make a watch fast or slow have been left out of it.

Accutron time is kept by the vibrations of a tiny tuning fork. 360 vibrations a second.

It is so precise that we guarantee average daily accuracy within 2 seconds.*

And many owners say their error is only 1 second or none at all.

The tuning fork principle was discovered over 60 years ago. But no one could make it work in a timepiece small enough to wear.

This is what Bulova has done.

And you might like to know that the U.S. Government is now using Accutron movements in satellites.

And has issued them to all X-15 pilots.

One thing more.

Dust, congealed oil, and just plain wear will get to the precision of a regular watch sooner or later.

These things do not affect Accutron time at all. It will be as accurate years from now as it is today.

We're sorry about the tick tock.





WEMBLEY NATURAL KNOT® E-Z ON NECKWEAR

Why knot?

Wembley's Natural Knot® E-Z On tie makes it neat and easy not to knot... it's pre-tied, that's why. And no one will ever know the difference. Just slip the clip over your collar... tuck in the side tabs... and presto, you're ready and raring to go. Cool and impeccable. Every Natural Knot® E-Z On is a Wembley "Color Guide" Tie that tells just what color suit the tie goes best with. Why knot, indeed? You'll find Wembley ties at most fine stores—\$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3.50.

wembley
The "Color Guide" TieTM

© WEMBLEY, INC., EMPIRE STATE PLAZA - NEW YORK CITY



Follow the fun in a FORD

Go wherever your fancy takes you—but take your comfort with you in a roomy camper fitted to a rugged Ford pickup! Even if the camper body you choose is a 10-footer, you'll find the new Ford pickup is built to take it! New longer 128" wheelbase for better weight distribution. Flat-topped body sides for easier mounting. Big-truck type I-beam front axle and parallel rail frame. Optional heavy-duty springs, shock absorbers and clutch available. All solid reasons to ask your Ford Dealer to tell you more about camper bodies fitted to the smooth-riding, easy-handling FORD.

A PRODUCT OF  MOTOR COMPANY

Ford Recreational Vehicles Box 1000 Plymouth, Michigan 48170

FREE BOOK!

New 44-page booklet illustrates many camper units available through your Ford Dealer. Fully detailed with interior layouts, equipment and suggestions for family living on or off the trail. Send today!



Name

Address

City State Zip

The Ultimate Honor



**This is the vitamin-mineral product
selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team**

This is Rexall's famous balanced formula of 11 vitamins and 10 minerals... Rexall Super Plenamins. Rexall is proud of the superior quality that has made them so popular. If you want the full protection of vitamins and minerals... the insurance that your basic diet meets the needs of sound vitamin nutrition... try Super Plenamins. Join those who have made Rexall Super Plenamins America's largest selling vitamin-mineral product.

WIN

AN EXCITING EXPENSE-PAID TRIP-FOR-TWO TO THE 1964 OLYMPIC GAMES

Enter the great Rexall Super Plenamins
Sweepstakes! You can win a trip to Tokyo
via TWA or one of over 2000 other prizes!

Nothing to buy, write or figure out!
Simply visit your nearest Rexall Drug
Store...and ask for your free entry
blank. Just fill in your name and you're
eligible to win any one of over 2000

wonderful prizes...capped by a grand
prize of an expense-paid trip to the 1964
Olympic Games. Bonus prizes go to first,
second, third and fourth prize winners who
qualify. Anyone can win...so enter now!

1st PRIZE: 21-DAY TRIP FOR TWO TO TOKYO



Fly via TWA Intercontinental Starstream Jet and connecting airline on a never-to-be-forgotten trip to the 1964 Olympic Games. Prize includes flight, accommodations, meals, admissions to games—and 72,000 yen just for souvenirs. Winner also receives Starlite Luggage for two, an 8 mm. Movie Camera and Projector. Bonus Prize to qualified winner: A 1964 Rambler Classic Six Hardtop.

RAMBLER
BONUS
PRIZE
TO QUALIFIED
WINNER



2nd PRIZE: NEW 1964 RAMBLER CLASSIC SIX HARDTOP



A rakish Rambler Classic Six 770 2-Door Hardtop with the new low silhouette. Bonus Prize to qualified winner: An Evinrude Sport 16 Boat, with 60 H.P. V-4 Motor and Trailer.

EVINRUDE
BONUS PRIZE
TO QUALIFIED
WINNER



FOUR 3rd PRIZES: RCA VICTOR HOME ENTERTAINMENT CENTERS



Beautiful contemporary cabinet with "Living Color" TV, automatic record player, AM/FM radio, FM stereo. Bonus Prizes to qualified winners: RCA Victor 19" Sport-about Portable TV with "Wireless Wizard" remote control.

RCA VICTOR
BONUS PRIZE
TO QUALIFIED
WINNER



1000 4th PRIZES:



1000 winners choose from RCA Victor 8-Transistor Radio; Starlite Luggage, men's or ladies'; or Pana-Vue Electric Slide Viewer and Slide Library by Sawyer's. Bonus Prizes to qualified winners: Hawkeye Flashfun Camera by Kodak.

BONUS PRIZE
TO QUALIFIED
WINNER



1000 5th PRIZES:



Rexall Super Plenamins, a generous 4 months supply of this popular 11 vitamin-10 mineral dietary supplement.

Sweepstakes ends August 31, 1964, and is subject to rules as defined in the entry blank. Offer void where prohibited by law.



**REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS
ARE SOLD ONLY AT REXALL
STORES. ASK FOR THEM IN
THE STORE WITH THIS SIGN**

SCORECARD

BAD SHOW

Almost nothing about that Sugar Ramos-Floyd Robertson fight in Ghana has escaped criticism—Ramos' performance, which was lackluster; the decision, which seems to have been bad; the Ghana government's reversal of the decision, which was high-handed. M. R. (Bob) Evans of Louisville, treasurer of the World Boxing Association and State Boxing Commissioner of Kentucky, aimed some of his most pointed barbs at Ed Lassman, the Florida restaurant owner who is president of the WBA and who served as a judge at the Ghana fight along with Ramon Velasquez, chairman of the Mexican Boxing Commission. Evans said the practice of WBA officers serving as fight officials was "deplorable." He said they "put themselves in the position of being judge, jury and prosecuting attorney." In a letter sent to members of the WBA executive committee, he urged that "no official in any capacity in the WBA should judge, referee or in any way associate himself with decisions . . . either in the United States or without."

This denunciation of Lassman could carry considerable weight, since Evans is a prime candidate for the job of U.S. Commissioner of Boxing, if Congress ever gets around to creating a Federal Boxing Commission.

GOLF GEMMICK

The latest fad in golf is personalized tees. It was started by Richard B. Watson, a Miami real estate man, who has been selling so many tees to pros and other golfers that he has abandoned real estate for the art of tee marking.

The tees, multicolored, sell for \$5 a gross. Most golfers want their names imprinted, but some have slogans and even commercials. A new father had "8 lb. 13 oz. Baby Girl" printed on his. Tommy Bolt was given some labeled "Tempestuous Tommy Bolt." Tommy showed his around, and 16 other pros at the Doral Open put in orders. Watson gave Mickey Mantle a batch and suggested he give them to kids asking for autographs. "I'm going to take them

home to my own kids," Mantle said proudly and reordered.

Watson operates the business from his home with the help of his wife and two children. "I started working on the idea when I was playing golf, and I thought so much about it that I went from a low-80 to a 90 player. Now I'm so busy I don't have time to play at all."

BANE OF THEIR EXISTENCE

A few weeks ago (SI, May 4) we mentioned a blacksmith named William Bane, who had invented an operation for vulcanizing cracks and splits in horses' hooves. Northern Dancer suffered a quarter crack on his left front foot last autumn, and Trainer Horatio Luro had Bane perform a seven-hour operation on him, similar to one he had done earlier on the great harness horse Su Mac Lad. Last Saturday, William Bane must have been brimming over with pride and satisfaction. In the afternoon Northern Dancer won the \$176,700 Preakness. That night Su Mac Lad took the \$25,000 Speedster Trot at Yonkers Raceway. Not a bad double at all.

WIDE-EYED TV

CBS announced the other day that there would be some changes made in the telecasting of National Football League games next season. For one thing, they are going to put one announcer right down on the field, where he will range up and down the sidelines doing color or play analysis or whatever else he finds interesting. Bill MacPhail of CBS-TV says that the sideline announcer will in no way interfere with the coach or the players. Coach Don Shula of the Baltimore Colts warns that that is the way it had better be. "I don't mind them on the sidelines," Shula said when he heard the CBS plan, "but I don't want anybody disturbing me or my players during a game." Baltimore fans agreed with Shula. "We got enough trouble winning now," one said.

Another new departure will be an "isolation" camera which will ignore all other action and concentrate on a single

player, such as Lenny Moore racing downfield for a long pass. After the play is over a tape of Moore's action from start to finish, as caught by the camera, would be run off for the television audience. CBS figures that unavoidably it will pick the wrong key man a good part of the time, but that at pleasingly frequent intervals it will come up with rare shots of a player doing something really spectacular.

The number of commercials will be increased from 16 to 18, with one coming at half time and the other inserted after a missed field goal, a departure from past practice. A one-minute commercial for the NFL championship game sells for \$110,000. A one-minute commercial on a regular-season game goes for \$72,000. Bill MacPhail says he has only two minutes of time left for sale for the championship game. Better hurry.

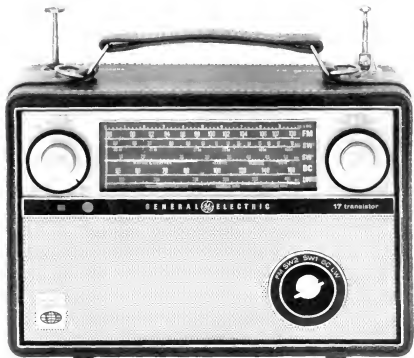
ONE DOG'S HEAT

War Storm, a pointer known to his friends as Jake, will be given the Purina Award in St. Louis this week for being "Top Field Trial Bird Dog of the 1963-64 Season." An impartial panel of five bird-dog experts selected Jake, who won three important field trials during the



season, including the National Championship, but the award itself comes from the Ralston Purina Company, makers of Purina Dog Chow and Purina Dog Meal ("extra running and staying power in every bite . . . tastes great, too!"). C. C. (Tex) Fawcett of the Ralston Purina Company says, "Obviously, we have given our name to the award as a public relations move, but acceptance of it by the winner should in no way be construed as an endorsement of or a testimonial for Purina Products."

continued



Now hear this:

Cricket and football on the B.B.C.,
 or Mantovani on FM,
 or ham radio operators in Alaska,
 or Coast Guard storm warnings,
 or local news and weather,
 or opera direct from Italy,
 or police and fire calls,
 or a distressed ship on Lake Michigan.
 Or any of the whole world of sound
 on this powerful 17-transistor,
 five-band General Electric radio.
 At your G-E dealer's now for \$125*.

© 1975 General Electric Company, New York, N.Y.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



64-11

These skilled hands can make* your
First Flight® CLUBS
 for you to your golf professional's
 specifications at NO EXTRA COST

Sold only in golf professional shops

*Custom delivery,
 3 to 4 weeks.

FIRST FLIGHT COMPANY, 99 Tremont Street, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37405

Low Oehmig, President • Jimmy Demoret, Vice President

Staff Professionals include Jimmy Demoret, Gene Uhlir, Doug Sanders, Bo Winingar

SCORECARD continued

That's probably just as well, because Luke's owner, Bethea McCall of Birmingham, happens to be president of the Western Graft Company, which makes Jim Dandy Dog Food.

CONFUSION COMPOUNDED

The U.S. track team that goes against Russia in Los Angeles next July, in the annual dual meet between the two countries, will be coached by Sam Bell of Oregon State. It is an honor, but Sam is not happy. The Amateur Athletic Union has decided that the U.S. team's makeup will be based on performances at the AAU national championships in New Brunswick, N.J. on June 27-28. Sam holds that this is unfair to collegians, who must be at their peak for the National Collegiate championships in Eugene, Ore. a week before the AAU meet, and, once again, a week after the AAU meet, for the Randall's Island Olympic trials in New York. He argues that a collegian who goes all out at the NCAA meet and again a week later at the AAU championships may find himself off peak form for the Olympic trials.

"It's not fair," says Bell.

It is also confusing. Once the supreme U.S. track meet, the Olympic trials at Randall's Island seem to have degenerated into little more than a publicity device for the New York World's Fair—and a sort of preliminary for a second Olympic trials to be held in September in California. The charge has been made that the New Brunswick sponsors of the AAU championships insisted that their meet be the qualifying event for the Russian meet or they would not put up the substantial guarantee they were offering to land it.

If all this is true, it would appear that the AAU has gone into the business of peddling track meets as though they were so much salable merchandise, alterations included free.

MONEY PLAYER

Mark McCormack's prediction (SI, April 6) that the Masters can mean a million dollars to the winning pro was straight down the middle of the fairway. In fact, if anything, Palmer's astute adviser may have underestimated the impact of a Masters win. It seems now that Anne's Army is trooping to department stores and men's shops to buy its hero's golf clothes just as fervently as it dogged his heels at Augusta. Before

continued



**"I don't want a dry martini.
Or an extra dry martini.
Or an extra, extra dry martini.
I want a ridiculously dry martini!"**

And a ridiculously small bit of vermouth won't make it that way. You need a gin that's more than just plain dry. Calvert Gin is 100% dry. Extra distilling steps make it that way. It's ridiculous to expect any other gin to be drier.

DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN • 100 PROOF • CALVERT DISTILLERS • N.Y.

THE DEPENDABLES: SUCCESS CARS OF '64



The great impostor



The real McCoy

These two performers have got quite an act. Look closely at the one on top. The great impostor. A handsome hardtop with all the excitement of a convertible. The optional vinyl covering does it — gives it a distinctive, custom-tailored, sophisticated appearance. Regal. Travels well in the best of circles—or out on the straightaway.

The quick-change artist in the bottom picture is the Polara 500 Convertible. Loves to put on airs, but underneath it all, is loaded with fun. Buoyant bucket seats, ready-for-action console and the

biggest standard V8 in the low-priced field. Sporty as they come —and a sun worshiper from the word go.

But with either of these new Dodges, the price sticker's the real kicker—makes it almost as easy to own one as it is to drive one. No wonder Dodge has been leading the industry in percentage of sales increase for fifteen months in a row.

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'64 Dodge

DODGE DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

the Masters, Palmer-labeled sportswear, like Arnie himself, was in the doldrums. In the month since then, according to Jules Rosenthal, managing director of Arnold Palmer apparel, retailers have earned a bonus of almost half a million dollars in sales of Palmer's golfwear as a result of the tournament.

TEXAS JOKE NO. 573

The wealthy Texas oilman visited New York City for the first time and fell in love with the place. He explored every part of the metropolis, and when he returned to his immense ranch in south Texas he took with him a New York city block that he had purchased, complete with tenements, stoops, lampposts, man-hole covers, everything. He had it reconstructed on the ranch and then proudly led his children out to see it. "There it is," he said. "It's all yours. What do you think of it?" The kids looked at it dubiously, and one of them said, "But Daddy, what is it?" The wealthy Texan exploded. "What is it?" he said. "What the devil do you think it is? It's a stick-ball court!"

IS IT GOOD FOR GENERAL MOTORS?

General Motors assembled the press at its big Milford, Mich. proving ground last week to maximize the value of proving grounds and, without naming names, to minimize the racing activities of its principal competitors, Ford and Chrysler. "Racing," said Board Chairman Frederic G. Donner, "is not essential to our responsibility to our customers." He said racing cars are different from passenger cars and that racing does no more than prove out racing cars.

But the GM board chairman did not actually condemn racing. This left the giant corporation free to hit the circuits when and if it becomes "essential" or even desirable. In past years GM factories have aided unofficial racing teams driving Chevrolets and Pontiacs in stock car competition, which helped transform the Chevrolet-Pontiac image from stodgy, spinster schoolmarm cars to slick, snappy fire breathers. And GM models are called Grand Prix, Le Mans, GTO and Monza—names used for no other reason than to bootstrap a little racing glamour. Nor do current Pontiac ads in the car magazines shrink from talking hot, hot performance. "There's a tiger loose in the streets" is the teaser for Pontiac's 421 model, and the copy goes on to talk

continued



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SCORECARD • continued

of "a big-engined Something" rumbling by, and how lovely it is when "extra threats get kicked wide open and start vacuuming air by the cubic acre."

Mr. Donner is the boss, and there can be no doubt of his personal sincerity in wanting to keep GM off the tracks—at least for the present. But somebody up there certainly seems to be itching to get back.

49ers IN THE FAMILY

When Vic Morabito, managing owner of the San Francisco 49ers, died on May 10, there was speculation that the team might be up for sale. But Mrs. Morabito and Mrs. Josephine Heintzelman, widow of Vic's brother Tony, the 49ers' founder, who died in 1957, have announced that in accordance with the wishes of their late husbands, the team will remain "in the family." The ladies, who own 55% of the stock between them, named Lou Spadina, general manager of the team under Vic Morabito for six years, as the new managing owner. Spadina has 5% of the stock.

Vic Morabito expressed the wish that when he died his son Rick should take over. Rick is 19 years old and is having trouble with his studies. His parents often chided him with knowing every statistic about pro football but not enough arithmetic. A potential power in the future of the 49ers is Franklin Miele, radio-TV producer who owns 10% of the stock and also owns 35% or more of the Warrior basketball team. Miele is respected by other 49er owners and has a highly cordial relationship with the San Francisco press, a status the Morabitos did not enjoy. Miele insists he is entirely satisfied with Lou Spadina, but his own influence will be great within that management.

THEY SAID IT

- Harry Craft, of the Houston Colt .45s, on rumors that he will be fired as manager: "It's one of the hazards of the job. If a man doesn't want to be fired, he better not manage. He should go in the Army."
- Gene Sarazen, two-time U.S. Open winner, three-time PGA champion and winner of the British Open and Masters, describing the Congressional Country Club, site of this year's U.S. Open: "The fairways are so narrow the player and his caddy will have to walk them Indian file."

END

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by **Edmont**

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THREE FOR THE

KARL COOKE



TRIPLE CROWN

by WHITNEY TOWER



After Northern Dancer's brilliant victory in the Preakness, three happy men hold the trophies that signify capture of the second jewel in racing's Triple Crown—and look ahead to the contest for the third, the Belmont Stakes on June 8. They are Owner E. P. Taylor, Jockey Bill Hartack and Trainer Harsho Luro, whose perfect teamwork secured the triumph. At far left is the permanent trophy for the race, first run in 1873.

CONTINUED

The trouble with racing fans, including thousands among the 35,975 who were at Pimlico to watch the 88th running of the Preakness last Saturday, is that they simply don't believe what they see. Two weeks before this second leg of the Triple Crown for 3-year-olds—a male and three-sixteenths over a track that has baffled and buffaloned many a top colt—the horse fraternity had witnessed a classic Kentucky Derby. Wise men figured that Canada's Northern Dancer, maybe the second best horse in the field, had been lucky to beat California's Hill Rise. In the days following the Derby the professors of past performance totted up a hundred reasons why Bill Shoemaker shouldn't have lost the race in Louisville to Bill Hartack on Northern Dancer. Shoemaker himself, still insisting that Hill Rise was the better horse, agreed with them. "I had Northern Dancer in a trap in the Derby," he said a few hours before the Preakness. "And when he got out, that was the race. My horse simply didn't have the move in him at the right time. He's still the best horse—or at least we'll find out if he is today."

Shoemaker has been right more often than not in his long and brilliant career, but last week at Pimlico he proved that as a handicapper of the racehorses he rides he still has a little to learn. In the Derby, after overcoming more trouble than Agent 007 in the clutches of a SMERSH blonde, he lost by barely a neck. In the Preakness he rode Hill Rise perfectly, encountered no trouble whatsoever, made a carefully calculated run at Northern Dancer at an opportune time and, for all his efforts, finished third. Hill Rise was a head behind second-place The Scoundrel at the wire, and more than two lengths behind the same fantastic little Dancer, at 2 to 1.

Northern Dancer's victory was a superb accomplishment. He has developed such a store of skills that on June 6 at Aqueduct he will be an odds-on favorite to win the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes and become the first Triple Crown winner since 1948. Citation's year. If he does, he will be only the ninth in the long history of American classic racing. In fact, the more one watches Northern Dancer run—and win—the more it seems likely that this colt, owned by Edward P. Taylor, the Toronto industrial baron who looks like an also-ran in a Sidney Greenstreet screen test, is a genuinely great racehorse. He has now run 16

times in his short career, and the little fellow (only 15 hands 2 inches) has won 13 of those races, finished second twice and third once. In other words, he has never been out of the money. He has won \$519,072, to put him in 50th place on the alltime money-earning list, although he will not be truly 3 years old until May 27. He can do anything on a racetrack, and that includes pulling the starting gate.

More than anything, this Preakness victory was the result of precision teamwork among Trainer Horatio Luro, Jockey Hartack and, of course, Northern Dancer himself. It will go down as a triumph of patient training and perfect riding of a horse that seems to be bred with just about everything required of a champion. Among these admirable assets is the ability to take kindly to racing, to move with amazing acceleration when asked, and to handle for a good rider as gently as a 15-year-old peahen in the St. Agnes Church Sunday charity horse show.

In the past Luro's training methods have been criticized by many speed-conscious U.S. horsemen. Use the clock, our trainers usually say, and work a horse hard and fast. "I don't agree," says Luro with deep conviction. "Long gallops are the European method to develop a classic horse, and I think that is right." Luro galloped his horse long and leisurely to prepare him for a track-record Kentucky Derby performance, and his system paid off with a blazing 24-second last quarter that hadn't been equaled since Whirlaway did it in 1941.

The problem for all Preakness trainers, then, became one of maintaining the competitive edge in their horses for exactly two weeks. The interval had to include a shipping period and a move to an entirely new and different kind of racing surface. The Churchill Downs track was hard and fast. It had to be for Northern Dancer to run the mile and a quarter in two minutes flat. The Pimlico strip, says Luro, "has more sand and is deeper, and there's no question that it is more tiring for any kind of horse. But the point is that I went to Pimlico with a horse that was completely fit. He was fit to go as far as you would ever want a horse to go."

So, at Pimlico, while some trainers followed Luro's own patient system of galloping more than working, Luro went them one better. "At Churchill Downs

I used to gallop my horse between one and a half and two miles on days when I didn't 'work' him," he said. "At Pimlico we galloped at least two miles and sometimes between two and a half and three miles. The theory is simply to train longer, even though the race distance is shorter, with less speed. Train longer to get a horse fit, or rather to keep him fit, on the basis that Pimlico is going to be more tiring on him than Churchill Downs."

Luro follows his theories to the letter. He finished off his 14-day training period completely satisfied that Northern Dancer would run as well as, if not better than, in the Derby. When a newsman suggested to him that his Canadian-bred colt must have tailed off since Louisville, he snapped back. "If this horse was not in perfect condition he would not be in the race." On Friday The Dancer "blew out" his final three-eighths of a mile in 35 1/2 seconds "just to sharpen his speed so that Hartack will have a horse ready to go whenever he wants him to," said the Señor. On the same day Trainer Bill Finnegan timed George Pope's Hill Rise in a 40-second blowout over the same distance.

Preakness Day was a beauty. It was warm but not hot in crab-cake country as the six-horse field (including, for the first time within memory, not a single Kentucky-bred colt), went to the infield grass course to be saddled. George Pope walked out to the temporary paddock and beamed. "The goose hangs high today," he said. "These are the best horses, a small field, and they're going a distance of ground. That's exactly what we want."

And, indeed, they were the best horses in North America. The first five finishers in the Derby were there (only in 1947 and in 1958 had this happened before). E. P. Taylor studied them all conscientiously before he turned to Hartack at his side and remarked with a grin. "It'll be an interesting race, Bill, from all angles." Northern Dancer reared up slightly, and Hartack looked up at Taylor and replied, "Yes, it will. They've tightened up this track. It's faster than usual, although I don't think it's a laboring track, and it shouldn't bother your horse." As he spoke, the pair of them could see Northern Dancer rearing up again, but gaily, like a playful clown. If they had looked farther, they would have seen Quadrangle acting up slightly.

and both The Scoundrel and Hill Rise breaking out in a lathery sweat.

At the start, Big Pete, the long shot breaking from the inside post, went to the lead. Also as expected, Paul Mellon's Quadrangle went with him to lay out the early pace. Hartack had Northern Dancer comfortably in third, while Shoemaker dropped Hill Rise back a bit on the first turn into a position from which he could watch Hartack and move on him when he wanted to. "I knew," said Hartack later, "that Shoemaker was criticized for his ride in the Derby, and that this time he simply had to do something different or he might be criticized again. But what he did this time was to challenge my horse when my horse was still fresh and full of run."

When Quadrangle took over the lead from a weary Big Pete on the back stretch, both Hartack and Shoemaker let him go. Behind them was a still-fresh The Scoundrel and a sometimes-dangerous Roman Brother. But each of these two fine riders had eyes only for the other's moves, Go-

ing into the far turn, Hartack had done nothing to use up his horse, while Shoe and Braulio Buzza on Quadrangle had hustled to stay up there. Suddenly, halfway around the turn, Shoemaker sent Hill Rise on his big challenge. "I moved to him around that turn," said Shoe, "but it was no use. I was using my horse pretty good to try and get by him on the outside, and yet I could see that Hartack still had a hold on his horse. I was running, but he hadn't even started to run yet and still I couldn't get by him."

"I knew," said Hartack, "that Hill Rise would move on me quick, and I was prepared to meet the challenge. All I wanted to do was to keep a neck or a head in front until we turned for home, and if I could do this I knew I was ready to meet his challenge. I wasn't figuring on any of the other horses to cause me any trouble at all—just Hill Rise. We'd been running pretty much together for nearly a quarter of a mile by the time we hit the stretch. About 50 yards before we reached it I opened up. Hill Rise had

been trying to get by me and couldn't. I had a fresh horse and now I let him go. I hit him once halfway around the turn, and then we rolled away from there. I hand-rode him and hit him left-handed down the stretch and suddenly Hill Rise was finished. In the last part of it I could tell my horse was dead tired. But I knew he was the best horse and the fittest, and that if he was tired the horses that were still behind us would be even more tired. They weren't going to catch us today."

Although The Scoundrel came closest, neither he nor any of the others were gaining on Northern Dancer at the wire as the first five Kentucky Derby finishers were, for the first time in history, the first five Preakness finishers. But only The Dancer finished in the same position—No. 1. "He's a great little horse, isn't he?" beamed Owner Taylor. "I told Hartack," said Mrs. Taylor, "Thank you for another great ride." He turned to me and said, 'Thank the horse, ma'am.' "

END

Resisting all challengers in a courageous run through the stretch, The Dancer is a star from the finish line under a strong hand ride by Hartack.



AN EASY ROW ON THE ROAD TO JAPAN

The perfectly machined Harvard crew that purred away with the Eastern Sprints seems an inevitable choice to go to Tokyo **by TOM C. BRODY**

If a Rolls-Royce could row, it would row like the 1964-model Harvard University crew. That, anyway, was what all the experts lining the shore of Massachusetts' Lake Quinsigamond were telling each other as the Crimson varsity swept across the line with seemingly effortless precision last week to win the Eastern Sprint Championships going away. "They are flawless," said an envious and unbelieving coach from rival Navy. "Every move they make is perfection." "They just snap their fingers at the rest of the field," said a frustrated rower in one of the other boats. And a Japanese from far-off Tokyo blinked behind his large horn-rimmed spectacles

and announced in a tone of Oriental fatalism: "Will doubtless be American delegate in Olympics."

Doubtless. What made the seeming certainty of Harvard's being chosen our Olympic standard-bearer the more remarkable is the fact that seldom in the history of U.S. rowing has there been a stronger field of contenders. Harvard's ancient nemesis, Yale, went up to Worcester for the Sprints with an undefeated crew that only two weeks earlier had beaten defending IRA champion Cornell over the 2,000-meter Olympic distance in the astonishing time of 5 minutes 5.53 seconds.

Cornell itself finished that race just

1.2 seconds later and, with most of its varsity boat back in their old seats again, the 1963 champions looked every bit as good as, if not better than, before. "Losing to Yale might be just what Cornell needed," said one expert before the Sprints began last week. "They were beginning to feel invincible." But Coach Stork Sanford was less complacent than determined as his Big Red took the water against Harvard. "We want this race," he said at Worcester, "and we want it badly." Then, of course, there were Navy, Princeton, Wisconsin and a flotilla of other fine crews.

Unlike most of the bronzed and strapping rowers who came to Worcester, Harvard's boatload was not impressive to look at—not until they began rowing. Mostly pale by comparison with the ruddy oarsmen from New Haven and Ithaca, the Harvards looked like scholars more accustomed to the stacks of Widener Library than a boathouse. Horn-rimmed glasses adorned the nose of their bow oar, and none of them had anything resembling a crew cut. But how they did row! "We even surprised ourselves," said Harvard Coach Harry Parker.

Last year when Parker turned up at the

Not even the ticking of the coxswain's revised wristwatch was smoother than the synchronized sweep of Harvard blades as the boat moved away



Sprints with a boatload of raw sophomores, his varsity failed even to qualify. "It took Harry a half a season to teach them which way to sit in the shell," moaned one ex-Harvard oar. But by the time the 1963 season was over, the recruits had sharpened up considerably and, in their final, telling race against Yale on the Thames River at New London, Parker's crew crossed the line first by seven lengths.

"We had a pleasant feeling that we wouldn't be so bad in '64," said Parker soon afterward, but the Harvard coach had no intention of letting things go at that. During the ensuing months he worked himself and his crew unrelentingly to turn the augury into actuality. With his eyes even then on the Olympics, he borrowed ideas on training and equipment from abroad. First he ordered from England a set of the squatly "shovel" oars made famous by Germany's world champion Ratzburg Rowing Club in its tour of the U.S. Then, as soon as he could get his crew on the Charles River, he began to drill them in the routine known as "interval training," a system long put to good use by distance runners and European

crews. Every day Parker would race his crews in a series of sprints alternated with stretches at a more casual pace—with no stops or rests permitted. As the seven juniors and one senior manning the varsity shell became used to the stubby blades, they began to move with gratifying speed. "The boys seemed to like the new oars," said Parker. "They said they could get a better bite in the water with them."

But though their form was beautiful to look at, the Harvard varsity boat still had trouble outdistancing the jayvees. As one expert put it, discussing Harvard last week, "When that happens you don't have two varsities, you have two jayvees." At last, and reluctantly, Parker made a change. He pulled the lone senior in the varsity boat out of the No. 5 seat and replaced him with another raw sophomore, named James D. Tew. "Quite frankly, I thought I was headed for the third boat," said Tew last week. But if Tew was unaware of his special potential, the other rowers were not. "You could see at a glance that he had it," said one. With Tew as catalyst, the whole boatload suddenly jelled into a homogeneous unit and

the legend of Harvard 1964 was begun.

As the legend grew and the day of the sprints drew near, rival coaches and experts set up a cacophony of whistles in the dark to discount the Crimson. Pointing hopefully to the big, wide blades on Harvard's new oars, they told each other happily that Harvard would be a dead duck in any kind of a head wind. "All that blade!" they said. "Why, the Harvard boat will probably get blown backward if the wind is good and stiff."

A good stiff breeze, on the other hand, was just what Cornell and Yale wanted most, since they both figured to win on power rather than form. "A good blow from the south won't hurt us," Stork Sanford said before the race and, sure enough, on Saturday morning a lively, 15-knot breeze blew down the lake, whipping its wavelets into whitecaps. "Perfect," murmured one of the rival rowers serenely as he watched a flag stream straight out from the staff on a committee boat, "but not for Harvard." By race time even Harry Parker looked a little like a 20-year-old who had just received a letter from the President starting, "Greetings." But, in the happy phrase of the draftee and the collegian, there was no sweat.

At the signal the Harvard shell, like a gunned Rolls, shot away at a starting beat of 40 strokes a minute, its oars dipping in and out with the machined precision of a set of eight pistons. At the end of 10 strokes Harvard was in the lead, and from then on, for all it mattered, the race was over. At one point an observer on shore shouted, "Good Lord, Yale's caught them." But Yale hadn't. It started to, but Harvard's superb stroke, Jeff Picard, merely upped his beat and pulled away.

With 200 meters to go, Cornell, rowing desperately in second place, began the powerful stretch run that has made it invincible in recent years, but this time it failed. Harvard just rowed a little harder.

"We shake a lot of crews by coming on at them at the finish," said one of the Cornell rowers when the race was done. "But Harvard doesn't shake." If it is still unshakable at the final Olympic trials in July, as seems likely, Harvard's crew may shake the world. **END**

ERIE RAPLAN

from a starting doggy on Lake Quinsigamond, were aligned precisely as pickets in a fence.



FAST FORDS AND A GREAT SCOT

by BOB OTTUM



For undiluted Americana, the May festivities at Indianapolis culminating in the 500-mile race top anything else by a whoop and a holler and a good many miles per hour. People eat fried chicken and soak up the Indiana sun, and out on the Speedway the traditional Offenhauser cars thrum out as fine a noise as *The Mouse Man's* 76 trombones.

Last Saturday, as qualifying trials for this year's "500"

began, Americana seemed to be in full spring flower. With the happy commotion of a family reunion, a fantastic, record-breaking crowd of 225,000 midwestern Americans jammed the grandstands and ebbed and flowed in the infield. A gathering of that magnitude roughly corresponds to filling New York's Madison Square Garden for a heavyweight championship fight weigh-in.



3 Roger Ward (right) put the third Ford racer on the "500's" front row by qualifying a Watson-built sidecar American model at 136.406.

? Going nowhere is the sidecar creation built by Smokey Yunick. But it is indicative of the design ferment that is exciting Indy.



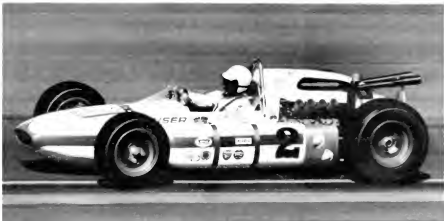
1 Triumphant Jim Clark gloats after putting his Lotus-Ford on the pole for the "500" with a record speed of 158.828 mph. **2** Buddy Marshree streaks to the second qualifying position (157.867 mph) in a 1963 Lotus-Ford fitted with the hot new Ford overhead-camshaft engine. Spaghetti-like tubes at upper right are the V-8's exhaust pipes. Pipes below are air inlets.

So far, so good. But as the spectators turned their eyes to the track it was obvious that something was out of joint in Indiana. There were the good old front-engined Offies, all right, but they were nearly lost in the parade of new rear-engined cars. Lotus-Fords and Fords with American chassis, rear-engined Offies, even an Offy in a British chassis put together, for heaven's sake, by an Australian, Jack Brab-

ham. Beyond that, a splendid old Indy Novi showed up with British four-wheel drive.

When the last car came home at sundown of a day of upheaval, British Lotuses with sensational new American Ford overhead-camshaft engines had shattered all speed records and seized three of the first six starting positions in the 33-car Memorial Day field. An all-American Ford

by Andy Hall



was right up there, too. On the pole sat Jimmy Clark with a stupendous 10-mile qualifying average of 158.828 mph, and as he was told his speed a triumphant grin spread over his sometimes dour Scots face. It was mirrored on the faces of that Limey bloke, Colin Chapman, builder of the Lotus, and Ford Vice-President Benson Ford.

Filling out the front row of three Ford-engined racers were Pennsylvania's frail leadfoot, Bobby Marshman, in a 1963 Lotus-Ford (fitted with the new engine) and Indiana's Rodger Ward, twice winner of the "500," in a new Ford created by A. J. Watson. Watson used to fret when early spotters of the rear-engine trend took to calling his Offies "dinosaurs." After all, his traditional models were to win five "500s," including last year's. He stopped fretting, though, and started putting his own engines behind the driver. Last of the great dinosaur-builders, he is evidently the first superior American fabricator of rear-engined Indy designs. No other native craftsman was within miles of him last weekend.

Orthodox Indianapolis men who take their racing with deadly seriousness were twice jolted, first by the ease with which the Fords suppressed the opposition, and then by the sudden appearance all over the infield of "Dan Gurney for President" lapel buttons and bumper stickers. Gurney, a superb American Grand Prix driver, has never had much appeal for the Offenhausers vote. It was Gurney who first induced Chapman and Ford to collaborate on Indianapolis cars, and everyone remembers how close the one driven by Clark last year came to winning. Last week Gurney himself outsped most of the Offymen to qualify sixth.

The pair he did not beat were the roughest, toughest traditionalists on the grounds, A. J. Foyt and Parnelli Jones. Jones qualified fourth at 155.099 mph in an ultralightweight Offy built by his chief mechanic John Poulsen. Foyt, the 1961 winner, took the next place, averaging 154.672, in a similar and similarly slimmer down Watson.

Thus Foyt and Jones enter the "500" carrying the greatest promise and heaviest responsibilities for what is clearly a last-ditch stand for the old-style Offy. It appears unlikely that any other front-engined models can give the Fords a fight. And both men will battle fiercely—Jones because some people thought

he won unfairly last year, that he should have been black-flagged for spilling oil and slicking the track in the closing laps, Foyt because he is the kind of man who believes that he can win any race, no matter how hopeless his chances may seem, and will never give up.

But last week it was difficult to see beyond the Fords. For one thing, there were so many Ford people around. Benson Ford sat in the stands with his fingers crossed. Lee Iacocca, Ford Division general manager, prowled the throng, shaking hands and, as the returns came in, accepting congratulations. "We are," he said, "in racing to stay." Ford engineers and publicity men were out in regimental strength.

Ford strength on the track was evident long before the 11 o'clock starting gun for qualifying. Bobby Marshman slipped out on the track early in the car which Gurney had wrecked on opening day 1963, and warmed it up at 160.083 mph. It was a speed everyone had said would come sooner or later, but that kind of thing has considerable shock effect. The official one-lap qualifying record at the moment was 151.847. "He did it in . . . what?" choked one driver over his coffee and doughnuts in the cafeteria under the grandstands. "Isn't that just great! Yeah, great. This is liable to turn into one hell of a day."

But for Foyt and Jones it began badly. First man to shoot for the pole position, Foyt wheeled in after four unsatisfactory laps around the track, fuming over what he diagnosed as chassis problems. Jones made one turn and brought his car back, also unqualified. "I think I blew a piston," he growled, and slammed his garage door to further questions.

Then, with the crowd roaring and tossing paper picnic plates in the air, the Fords poured it on. Clark was a big surprise last year, but now the spectators were on to the Scot. Buttoned into the low-slung Lotus (the cars are tailored as tightly around the driver as a suit with a belt in the back), Jim hit 158.339 miles an hour on his first lap, tuning in Indiana on the racing sound of the future: the high-pitched scream of a rear-mounted Ford engine. On subsequent rounds he once exceeded 159, sliding effortlessly in and out of the turns, the sun glinting brightly from his car. It is British racing green, a color which roughly matches the trim on Gasoline Alley garages—and

the faces of several garage inhabitants.

Marshman, on his official run, slashed around the course at 157.867 but, unlike Clark, he seemed to be pressing, to be flirting with the ragged edge of disaster. Ward wheeled his Kaiser Aluminum Special up to 156.406 mph for the third spot. Marshman had been wearing a red baseball cap in his nonracing hours with 158 mph stitched on it in white embroidery. After the Saturday run he took it off and looked at it speculatively. "I've already got one made up with 160 miles an hour on it," he said, "for when I make it official." Maybe next year.

Gurney roared into the sixth slot in his blue-and-white Lotus-Ford, but was unhappy. "I should be going about as fast as Jimmy," he grumbled. "I don't know. Maybe it's the difference in color."

Said Colin Chapman: "We will have the car right in a day or two. We didn't come out here to run at 155."

The Offy breakthrough came in late afternoon, under gloowering skies and with a gusty wind blowing across the backstretch. Jones had a replacement engine in his big No. 58, and he qualified smoothly. Foyt, still scowling over the imbalance of his car, rolled off with but half an hour left in the session. He was still scowling on his return, for he had vowed to run back to the 157-plus he had achieved in practice.

In Ford's headquarters, one engineer said it had not been as easy as it looked. A. J. (Gus) Scussell, manager of the special engine department, declared, "Sometimes I think Ford is regarded as the villain in this drama. You hear how we have lavished millions on this project to dominate racing. But racing is full of imponderables. We do not tell these people how to run the race; that is their business. We have eight of our new engines down here. We loan them to these people and we take them back and study them when they are through. We forbid—understand that, now—we forbid them to tear the engines down. They are too intricate and there isn't enough time to train mechanics to do the job. If an engine blows up, or collapses, we simply pull it out of the car and install a new one. This program is still new."

Benson Ford, his fingers finally uncrossed, grinned and said, "We want to see a Ford-powered car win the '500,'

make no mistake about it. We felt that the automotive industry resolution against direct competition was not working out, and it seems reasonable that winning races will sell cars."

As an evening rain fell on Gasoline Alley, Offenhauser, gathered in clusters in the garages, began to perk up a little. Maybe Ford was not going to win. After all, the engines were new. New racing machinery often harbors bugs. The top Offies could move, too, at very respectable speeds. "Don't count us out," warned Foyt's chief mechanic, George Bignotti. "The race will be won by a car that can run at, say, 152 all day without letup. Our little jewel can do it. Can the Fords stand up under that pace?"

Well, the Fords certainly would not be hanging back. "This will be an all-out speed race," said Marshman. "My only strategy is to get ahead and stay there." Said Ward: "You just go as hard as you can. That's all there is to it this time."

Apart from their apparent deficiencies in pure speed, the Offenhauser had another worry. It looked as though they would have to make at least two pit stops for fuel, while the Fords probably could get by on one. Burning methanol, the Offies would do only about three miles per gallon. Burning high-octane gasoline, the Fords would average seven miles per gallon. There was some talk of exotic methanol-gasoline mixtures for the Offies to bring that mileage figure up within one-stop capabilities, and there was some about the possibility of adding extra fuel tanks. Bignotti was among those toying with the latter notion. "But even with two stops," he asserted, "we can still win."

At least one thing was certain. More people would have a view of the "500" than ever before. Apart from the 250,000 or so witnessing the race at first-hand, scores of thousands more would look on via theater television.

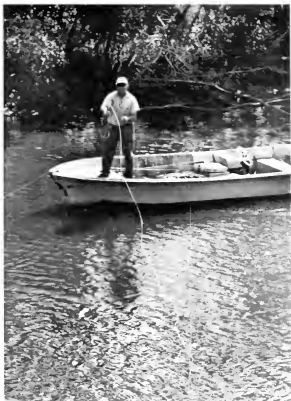
As for Clark, he missed most of the flap. Tipping his helmet to the crowd, he left Indianapolis on an afternoon plane for New York, flew on to London, and on Sunday was racing a Lotus-Ford sports car at Mallory Park in the English Midlands. And he won his race.

Before leaving the Speedway he told Chapman: "There isn't a car here I can't pass on the backstretch. There is still more performance in this car. And, I say, Colin, that feels good."

END



Top Offenhauser qualifiers Parnelli-Jones (left) and A. J. Foyt face grim battle with the Fords.



A PLACE THAT ROCKY KNOWS

by
ELLINGTON WHITE

Down in southern Florida, where the air conditioner is man's best friend, the 20th century has left a scar known as the Tamiami Trail, 260-odd asphalted miles of junk and hokum. Along the scar Indians peddle their folkways for nickels and dimes, and Coca-Cola signs bloom in lush jungles of smushed automobiles. South of the scar, however, south of the Trail, south of the alligator farms and Seminole "villages," lies one of America's last great wildernesses, the Ten Thousand Islands of Florida's mangrove coast, a mixture of land and water so cunningly contrived that man has not yet discovered a way to louse it up.

The Ten Thousand Islands have become a refuge from the 20th century, a green haze obscuring the Whataburger stands and muffling the steel clamor of the Trail. For the deer and the panthers still to be found there, the Islands are a vast shadow that conceals them from man, but what the deer and the panthers do not know is that for a man the Islands can be a concealing shadow, too. They can cushion him against the harshness of his civilization with tranquil silence, and at the same time they can offer him one of nature's fine challenges, a chance to catch a rare, wise fighter of a fish, the snook.

continued

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But a fish that has 10,000 islands for hide among is not an easy quarry. To find it, you must know a man who understands the snook and understands the islands, too. Rocky Weinstein qualifies: a backcountry guide who will take you where the snook are, and the tarpon, too. If you suggest it, Rocky works out of Everglades, Fla., a once-time boomtown where the population is 300 and the boom has ebbed away to a long-gone post. In 1960 the Collier Company, a huge land-holding organization whose founder, Burton G. Collier, was responsible for putting the town on the map, moved its headquarters from Everglades to Naples, Fla., and this departure, following hard upon the crippling winds of Hurricane Donna, left more holes in the community fabric than the chamber of commerce has yet been able to fill. There is an empty bank building, even an empty Juliet C. Collier Hospital. It is on Sister Avenue, next door to Rocky, Gretchen Weinstein, Rocky's wife—they were married in 1961, six years after Rocky, an ex-motel manager, came to the Everglades from Norfolk, Va.—was for many years a nurse in the hospital, and she remembers well the frictions Saturday nights when the town rang with sawmill workers chipping down one another on the main street.

"In those days," she recalls, "we sewed up men torn at a time, the doctor working at one table and I right beside him at another."

Nowadays, however, about the only noise Saturday night produces in Everglades comes from the air-conditioners sucking life into the drugstore and the Tropical Bar on Broad Street, where the young men of the town gather to bowl against one another on a miniature flies in the corner. Like people in a small town anywhere, many of them are suspicious of outsiders, especially if the outsider happens to be a man like Rocky Weinstein who has capitalized on such a hometown commodity as snook and tarpon.

"Sure, I know Rocky," says a tall young man drinking a beer. "The guy's got a talent for publicity. I can say that much for him."

This is one view of Rocky's success, and it is true that influential friends like Ted Williams have gotten his name around. But another, more generous

view, that Rocky has talent, is that Rocky simply won't let himself be just a guide. "This puts the fact that he knows the water, has earned him the respect of a lot of people."

"You can't fish with him five minutes," says one of his customers, "without picking up some of his enthusiasm. I don't know anybody else who can make you the sight of a fish an exciting thing Rocky can do that."

Rocky runs his business from a small room off the kitchen, a combination workshop-office where he keeps up his equipment and answers letters. To reach a letter he has to unearth it from a cluster of flies, reels and leader coils, to answer it he has to rebuild the pile in order to find writing room on either of the office's two large tables. Rods are tacked against one wall, and more rods, some of them without guides, stand in a corner behind the chair he uses when tying the long-streamer flies he likes to use for snook. Over the years he has built up a list of customers who use his equipment as well as fish with him, and filling their orders for flies and rods takes a lot of his time. Only a few of his customers come from Florida. Most of them are from Arkansas, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois— inland states where the ocean is a dream.

"Ten years ago," he says, "there weren't a dozen people who knew anything about fly-fishing in salt water. Today there must be hundreds."

Not all of them, he admits, are good fly-fishermen—in his eyes the loftiest form of fishing—and he still has to do a certain amount of bottom fishing, which he loathes, but at least the desire to use a fly rod is on the increase, and so is improved tackle.

"There was a time, you know, when you couldn't find a decent GMI line [a weight-forward fly line] in any tackle shop," he says. "We had to make our own. We'd put together two D-weight lines so as to build up a head, or we'd splice E-weight lines into B levels. The flies had to be waxed to make the lines float, and of course we used catgut for leaders. One of the things I will always remember as a kid is the sound of my mother's voice when she found the bathroom sink full of soaking catgut."

Even today Rocky builds his own rods, using glass blanks specially made up for him by a company in the Northwest. They are "hard sticks," with authority built into the backbone, and unlike most

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A PLACE ROCKY KNOWS *continued*

saltwater fly rods, which are seldom under nine feet long, his are rarely longer than eight feet. For his own use he prefers a seven-foot rod, which he claims is all a fisherman needs once he has learned to cast.

"I do not use what you would exactly call a delicate outfit," he says. "but it's ideal for the kind of fishing I do. Everglades fishing is rough fishing, and unless you've got an outfit that will stand up to it, you might as well pack up and go home. I've got a whole closetful of broken rods people have left here."

A fishing day for Rocky begins the previous evening when he fills three six-gallon gas tanks and charges the battery of an electric motor he uses once he has reached fishing water. The electric motor is a recent acquisition. At one time he used a paddle. In addition to the electric motor and a 50-hp outboard that drives the boat, he carries a smaller outboard for emergencies. When the boat is ready, he ties half a dozen or so flies—yellow, white, and blue streamers with as much as five inches of trailing feather—and puts two large plastic water bottles into the freezer so they will be frozen solid by morning. Then he can go to bed, wondering what kind of duffer tomorrow will produce.

I met Rocky under a poinciana tree where he garages his boat. He was storing the water bottles under the stern seat when I got there, and while he went back to the house for something he had forgotten, I stood on the landing and watched a great blue whale of a cloud spout lightning on the horizon. It is during such moments as these that the first pleasures of fishing occur, the early-morning moments before the dew has dried on the grass. The day looms ahead fraught with immense possibilities. Would the storm be one of them? It seemed to be well to the west of us, in the Naples vicinity but, all the same, when Rocky returned I asked him what we did in case of rain, and he replied that we got wet. I should have known this from the boat, a 16-foot molded fiber-glass hull not meant for comfort or such adornments as cover. Speed was its greatest recommendation, speed and maneuverability, both of which Rocky needed to get him so and from his favorite fishing water, 35 entangled miles from the poinciana tree.

continued

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A PLACE ROCKY KNOWS *continued*

Going down the Barron River, where there is a speed limit of five mph, we passed more boats than I had seen cars on the main street of Everglades. *Trix III, Texan, Lucky Star*—they were all buttoned up and silent. So were the small houses on both banks. The previous evening Rocky had told me that we would have to get an early start in order to catch the rising tide, in his opinion the best tide for snook. The sun was just clearing the horizon when we entered the calm waters of Chokoloskee Bay, and Rocky, no longer confined by a speed limit, could open the throttle wide. From here on, until we approached the island clutter of the backcountry, our journey would be a flattened-out, rushing skim across the spacious waterways of southern Florida.

The Turner River, our immediate destination, is one of the many tidal rivers draining Big Cypress Swamp north of the Everglades. Where it enters Chokoloskee Bay, the Turner River must be close to a mile wide, but not far north of the mouth it breaks up into smaller rivers, each one of which has the distinction of looking precisely like its neighbor. It is at this point, where the rivers become numerous, that the horizon disappears behind thick clumps of green and the water acquires the color and calm of black enamel, like a subterranean river never before disturbed. But now the boat cracks the enamel, cracks the silence of centuries, and slow water birds, aroused by the motor, drift ahead of us down the river's green tunnel.

We had been running about an hour. First the horizon had gone, now only pieces of the sky shone through the overhanging trees. The Ten Thousand Islands are mostly shellfish bars where mangroves have taken root. They vary in size from small footholds to large islands like 6,000-acre Marco. The outer edges of the backcountry islands are covered by red mangroves, whose roots at low tide look like a tangle of wires several feet off the water. It is down among these roots, in a hutch of snags and unnumbered outgrowths of the sea, that the snook dwells. This is snook country, the place the fish knows better than any fisherman can, the place to return to when in trouble. Whereas the tarpon will try to beat you with size and the bonefish with speed, the snook relies on the terrain to beat you. You may draw a snook out of it with a fly, but that is only part of the contest. The real contest

continued



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"There's a good snook bunk in there," Rocky said.

He pointed to a small arm of water sunk so deep in shadow that I would never have noticed it. It was off a pass we had been navigating between two islands. A pair of palm trees had fallen and come to rest against one another at the far end where the banks seem to converge, but a closer look revealed that where they stood was only a bend in the arm. Coming around the bend, we now saw a moving ridge of water running parallel to the far bank.

"There's a horse of a tarpon!" Rocky said.

The ridge washed away in a deep swirl, then reappeared on the opposite bank but moved away from us. Rocky started the electric motor and followed. When we reached the bend in the arm, however, it was clear that we would never catch the tarpon, so he stopped the motor and lashed the boat to a long metal pole that he shoved deep into the muddy bottom. I tied on one of Rocky's flies—for experts I might note that it was a backtail similar in appearance to the Honey Blonde fly hut with feathers instead of hackles—and cast to the far bank under the crossed palms. I retrieved and cast again.

"You'll never catch a snook doing that," Rocky said.

It was the voice of a man so enthralled by the tools of his trade that he could not tolerate the sight of anyone misusing them.

"Doing what?" I asked him.

"Pulling the fly through the water. Look here." He climbed onto the casting deck beside me. "You've got to make a fly work for you. You've got to make it squid."

Squid was a word I was to hear many times in the next four hours. What it meant Rocky now showed me. It meant that with every six inches the fly moved forward it had to lose an inch by setting back and down so that the trailing feathers fluffed out in an undulating motion. To squid a fly was to impose a rhythm upon it, and rhythm was control—three steps forward, one step back, three forward, one back.

"Do that," Rocky said, "and you're in charge of the fly. Otherwise fishing's a lot of dumb luck. Are you watching me?"

continued



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A PLACE ROCKY KNOWS *continued*

I watched the fly drop a step and pick up speed.

"Sometimes give it that, a little double bump."

Just when the fly had completed its second double bump a smear of silver passed under it—and then all over it.

"Hey!" Rocky said. "There's a little tarpon."

And so it was. The master had produced a fish. It raced toward us, then surged up and out of the water. Now, a silver tarpon exploding over black enamel is a sight I would be content to watch forever, but Rocky wasn't watching; he would not have his lesson interrupted by a fish.

"Look here," he said. "See the first finger, how it's hooked around the grip with the line under it? That's my drag until the fish has run out all the slack. Then I make the crossover, when the slack's all out. Are you watching me? I pass the rod to the right hand. Like this. See? Now I'm playing the fish off the reel. That's how you handle a fly rod."

When we boated the fish, a 20-pound tarpon, it developed that we had boated it too soon, and it knocked around the bottom before we could get it under control. Rocky called it "still green."

"I read about guys in the Keys who say they put 100-pound tarpon in the boat and then release them. Who do they think they're kidding? The only way you're going to get a tarpon that big into a boat is kill him first. Look what this one did, and he's only a baby."

I took another one like it, another baby, from the same place, but it threw the hook near the boat, and Rocky decided that the water "had too much color in it" for snook. Tarpon, it seems like color, but snook do not. So we moved on.

More running, the islands skidding past us, all on stilts. Was it true some of the islands moved? I had read somewhere that they did, and wanted to ask Rocky, but the motor was too loud. Think of an island on roots moving across the water like an immense centipede! We hurried through a small pass between two islands where mangroves from opposing banks touched one another over our heads and the air was thick with cobwebs, and we suddenly came into a large bay with such a round, orderly shoreline that it could easily have passed for a mountain lake. More surprising than its size, though, was all the light it held, as if a shade had been

Continued

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See and drive the Jaguar XK-E. It's more car than you can buy for twice the money. Roadster \$5,425 P.O.E., Coupe \$200 more. It's easier to buy a Jaguar than you may have thought. Your dealer will be glad to explain the details.

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Does having fun have to be so darn much work?

When the fate of your \$2.00 Nassau hangs on tracking down an errant drive, things can get pretty tense and exciting.

And that, after all, is part of the great lure of golf. And of every other sport worth the playing.

All we'd like to suggest here is that you round off your favorite form of relaxation with a pure form of relaxation: Playing the Hammond Organ.

At the Hammond Organ you're not competing, you're not trying to win. You're simply making music.

And how well you make it doesn't matter. What does matter is that when

you make it, you drive off the tensions of the day... every day.

Can you really learn to play the Hammond Organ? Sure you can. Most Hammond Dealers have a plan that will let you prove it in 30 days.*

Come in and get your starting time (There's no waiting.) Discover what the Hammond Organ can do for you, for your game—and for your life.

Shown: Hammond 66-101 Spirit in light walnut, traditional styling. \$7345. Other Hammond models from \$995. Price is a factory, subject to change without notice.



Hammond Organ Company
4307 West University Ave., Chicago, IL 60639

*Please send me information about the PlayTime Plan. Also, send me the address of my nearest Hammond Dealer.

Name

Address

City

State

Circle number organ company

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MUSIC'S MOST GLORIOUS VOICE
ALSO MAKERS OF THE HAMMOND PIANO

A PLACE ROCKY KNOWS *continued*

ruined in a dark room and there was the sky again.

"I've been up here some mornings," Rocky said, "and seen tarpon rolling from one bank to the other."

"What's it called?" I asked.

"It's a place I know. Leave it at that," he said, and he stood up and surveyed the scene. "Now what we've got to find," he said, "is a good lee bank. I've had this wind on me all week and it's been murder."

It was such a mild wind, barely glazing the surface, that to anyone else it would have gone unnoticed, but Rocky noticed it and said that fish would, too.

"Fish are like birds. They want cover. You find a protected field with plenty of high grass, and you're going to find quail. It's the same with fish. Cover and food, that's what they're after. Why do you think snook hang around these islands? Because they know the tide's going to pull food out of the islands, that's why."

We picked up a few small snook—one-and-two-pounders, "kitten snook," as Rocky called them, because snook that size will hit at anything that moves—but no big ones appeared until we reached a pocket of water well to the west where brush and half-submerged logs were strewn haphazardly across the mouth of a drainage creek. Since the pocket was tucked inside a lee bank, there was not so much as a ruffle on the surface, and my first cast put the fly up against a log in the center of the creek.

"O.K.," Rocky said from behind me, "now work the fly, make it squid."

("At my back I always hear...")

A shower of minnows broke the surface to the right of the fly, just when I heard Rocky's awed voice, "There he is!" and felt the hard jolt of a really heavy fish. It is such a wonderful moment, this one, when you and the fish first achieve contact, that events lose their chronology and afterward all you can do is put them back in their approximate order. I think the fish jumped the very moment it was hooked. Snook this size—Rocky judged it to weigh better than 25 pounds—often do that. They sense before you do what has happened and are making their first move before you have caught up with them. A snook's fight is a kind of devastating frenzy. Everywhere they are in motion, whether in the water or out of it. A kind of raw wildness is releasing itself, and

continued



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Wearing a pair of Mansfield Slax is just like gliding in the jet stream. For real soft, easy walking, airy cushion soles float your weight miles off the ground...soft glove leathers hug your feet in luxurious comfort. And you'll go for Mansfield's high-fashion styling. Smart summery colors and rich leather textures put Mansfields at home in and around town. Glide into a pair of Slax soon, at your Mansfield dealer's.



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R. P. "Red" Jackson, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, not only covered 82,000 miles in 10 months—he did it all in one car. A Chrysler. "Red" drove through 15 states including Alaska, and western Canada. Over some of the roughest roads in the world.

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Now he's off again, in the only car he trusts—a Chrysler, a '64.

If you'd like a car like that, one that's big, tough and looks as good as the one below—see your Chrysler dealer. A Newport 4-door sedan similar to Mr. Jackson's has a manufacturer's suggested retail price of \$2901, before state and local taxes, destination charges, options. Interested?

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all you can do is try to hang on. I hung on for perhaps 20 seconds. Then the fish walked over some logs—afterward I counted them: three—and that was that.

"I didn't know fish could walk," I said.

"A snook can. A snook can climb a tree if he has to," said Rocky.

Walk, jump, swim, climb. What chance have you got against a thing like that?

Not much, Rocky admitted, unless you get them in the open and keep them there.

"People come down here and want to catch tarpon," Rocky said. "I guess because they've seen so many pictures of tarpon jumping and think it must be the greatest. Well, a tarpon's a wonderful fish all right, with a kind of majesty. the way it shines. You know what I mean?" But I'll tell you something about a tarpon. You always know what a tarpon's going to do, just as you always know what a bonefish is going to do. Now a snook," and he shook his head. "well, I've been catching snook a long time now, but I'll tell you frankly each one has been a different fish."

A little later I added another rod to Rocky's closet collection when a different snook from the one I had just lost, but about the same size, splintered it midway in a driving lunge that took the snook home again. And after that we sat in the shade and drank some water.

"Do you realize how many boats there are in Florida?" Rocky said.

I had an idea, I told him.

"Do you realize we haven't seen a single one of them up here?"

I realized that.

"How many places are there left that you can say that about?" he asked.

Not many, I'm afraid, I thought of the Trail of the scar, and wondered how many miles, as the heron flies, separated us from it. Not a great many, I was afraid.

"How long do you think it will stay this way, Rocky?"

"A long time maybe. A lot of the islands are in a national park, you know. That'll help. But you never can tell. If man sets his mind to it, he can louse anything up."

That is true. Even louse up a mangrove swamp where the water is black enamel and the snook climb trees.

END

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THE LIFE I LEAD: PART III

ENDING UP SECOND CAN GET A MAN DOWN

BY JACK NICKLAUS

Four weeks in which golf's leading money winner contends with oceans of rain, dozens of oysters, an uncharted sandbar and, worst of all, a balky putting stroke that keeps sinking his chances of finishing first

My father and I flew into New Orleans from Fort Lauderdale, Fla. on Tuesday for the \$50,000 Open there. When you think of New Orleans you think of Mardi Gras, and you think of food. Well, I missed Mardi Gras by two weeks, but I did not miss the restaurants. We checked into the Roosevelt Hotel late in the morning, and I hurried across the street for two dozen oysters at a raw bar. Then I went out to the course to play in the pro-am and after that back to the hotel for another 18 oysters. Later, Dad and I had dinner at Aniole's with Jack Weiss, the tournament director, and his wife, Louise. Halfway through dinner Weiss took us back to the kitchen, not to see how the food in a famous restaurant is prepared, but to listen to the Clay-Linton fight on a transistor radio. I was sitting next to a pot of boiling spinach when it ended.

I played a practice round the following afternoon with Arnold Palmer, Gary Player and an amateur from Baton Rouge named Bert Burdick. Arnie is playing absolutely the best golf of his



life. It is super. He beat me easily and won the bets. That night we had dinner with Arnie, Gary and Ben Hardesty of Shakespeare, the company that puts out Gary's Fiberglass shaft clubs. Before eating I stopped at the oyster bar and had four dozen. Barbara, my wife, flew in that evening from Fort Lauderdale.

Got out to the course early Thursday, but it was pouring, really pouring. The tournament was put off a day, which gave Barb and me a chance to do some shopping downtown. Her birthday is tomorrow, so I bought her a couple of dresses. That afternoon, a New Orleans Open tournament official, Gene Rutter, took us out to the Fair Grounds to watch some flat racing. Barb won and I lost. Then Barb, Dad and I went to Arnaud's for dinner, but I skipped the oysters. Felt a little queasy. Must have been something I had eaten.

While I was practicing before teeing off in the tournament the next day, I made a discovery about my swing. I do not know when I fell into the habit, but on my backswing my hands were getting into a much lower position than they should. Thus I had unconsciously shifted into a flat swing from the upright

one I have used for so many years. I went out and played well, but my putting is still off. I cannot give the George Low system, which I am trying, a real chance because it is very complicated and requires a great deal of practice. I will have to work out something before the Masters. Those big greens at Augusta demand a good touch. Otherwise I am getting into pretty good shape.

Barb and I ate lunch at the club, and they sent out a tiny little cake with one candle on it for her. She was very pleased. After lunch, I went over to the practice tee for a long, long session and learned something else about my swing. Gordon Jones, a touring pro, was there and he said, "Jack, you gave me a lesson at the Western Open that helped me a lot and now you are making the same mistake that I was making. You are breaking your wrists too soon coming away from the ball." He was so right. I was not taking my left arm and the club back in a straight line. Thus I was opening the club face on the backswing and falling into errors that had me hating one shot to the right and the next shot to the left. What news! The real wonder of this game is that you never get it down pat, no matter who you are. We have the same problem the duffer does—just when we think we have learned how to hit a certain shot forever, we lose it.

Played super golf on Saturday, but I had a 70. Everything was right on the stick except my putts. My stroke is now part George Low, part me, and part another bad motion I must have picked up somewhere. I made up for it with a notable discovery at dinner that night—crayfish. I ate about 50 of them. They are very small and delicious.

I shot a 72 the next day and then went back to the practice tee in the pouring rain. Oow Finsterwald stayed for 20 minutes and after that I had the place all to myself. Crazy idiot. I got soaked. But I needed the practice. I guess 95° of the time I am the last to leave a golf course. Maybe it is because I work hard and maybe it is because I waste time. I wonder which?

We now had our best dinner of the week. It was at Masson's Beach House near the shore of Lake Pontchartrain. We were with some tournament officials and the restaurant owner told us to let him order. Crab legs, shrimp, steak, romaine salad and beignets—little doughnutlike popovers—for dessert. It was

raining so hard it did not look as if we could play the next day.

But we played, or at least we tried to. It seemed as if every shot wound up in casual water. We spent most of our time looking for dry spots to redrop. I started the day four shots behind Mason Rudolph, the leader. Then I birdied 13 and 14 and Mason, playing right behind me, bogeyed them. So we were all even. On the 15th, a par 5, I drove down the right side of the fairway and had to fade a two-iron around a lone tree on the right of the fairway. I hit a good shot, but it flied too quickly and hit the tree smack in the middle. Now I am 80 yards in the woods and lucky to make a 6. That was it for New Orleans. But it was one of the few bad breaks I have had that cost me a tournament. Mason beat Chi Chi Rodriguez, Glenn Stuart and myself by a shot. It was a letdown for me. All week long I had hit the ball so well that I truly expected to win.

The next day our New Orleans airplane luck—all bad—held up. It was so foggy our flight to Miami just flew right over. Barb took me down to the French Quarter on a shopping expedition and by 10:30 I was completely pooped. We finally got a flight out in the early afternoon and were at my folks' place in Fort Lauderdale before supper. I went fishing for an hour, and later we went out to hear Billy Maxted's jazz band. Terrific stuff, but when we got back at 12:30 I was ready for a week of sleep.

THE SCOREBOARD

Miles this week:	1,500
Miles to date:	12,210
Winnings this week:	\$3,411
Winnings to date:	\$12,823

A BIRDIE FOR BARBARA WHILE I GO AGROUND

Not playing again, and I wonder if this is not beginning to sound like an easy life. I seem to feel that I am always on the move, that the phone and the letters and the golf and the action do not let up. And yet, the very fact that I can take a week off, and fish a lot, and spend so much time with my family just points out that this is a kind of prelude period in the year. Soon the golf courses open in the North, the major championships come, the exhibitions, the banquets and the 35,000 miles of foreign travel (at least that is what it was last year). So I

continued

MICHAEL BUNDS



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**You've just met
Plymouth's Barracuda:
the nifty new fastback
that seats 5, and costs
less than \$2500.**



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Less than \$2500 is based on Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for base, unpoliced 6-cylinder model, exclusive of destination charges, state and local taxes, of title, and optional equipment.



And get this: the back seat folds down, creating 7 feet of fully carpeted “anything” space.

The Barracuda is a true fastback.

It can be a sports car, family car, carry-all, anything you want it to be. (Except dull!)

Standard equipment includes front bucket seats, flip-down rear seat, tinted glass in rear window,

and trunk space for locking your valuables.

And all for less than \$2500.*
Optional equipment includes a 273-cubic-inch V-8 engine, floor-mounted 4-speed shift, racing-type steering wheel, and wheel

covers with exposed chrome-plated lugs. Sharp.

The spectacular new Barracuda is worth a trip to your Plymouth Dealer's, if only to open the trunk and look straight through to the windshield.

Barracuda

The spectacular new fastback by *Plymouth*



This, Sir, is Prior Preferred—an Original Pilsner Beer

Brewed in America to today's discriminating tastes... Taking a 500-year-old formula from the fabled Bohemian city of Pilsen—a formula handed down as a precious bequest from father to son—we have recreated, with lavish use of imported hops, this noble beer. Faithful in appearance, flavor, bouquet. Yet, with careful art, subtly modified to please today's discerning tastes. ✻ This is Prior Preferred. Truly Liquid Luxury, it leaves a memory on the tongue. Costs more—naturally. Prior Preferred is also to be had in Double Dark Beer, a Muenchener type.

BREWED IN AMERICA BY C. SCHMIDT & SONS, INC., PHILADELPHIA

round, but so did Bruce, and I was running third, six shots back of him. This is a funny thing. He is my friend. I helped him with his game and winning a tournament on the U.S. tour would be a great thing for him. But I would sure like to beat him—or anybody. Nothing is in a player's mind out here except winning. I do not care if it is DeVin or Palmer or your mother who is out in front, you have got to catch them. When you get soft about things like that you stop winning golf tournaments.

Before dinner I tried to do a little fishing, but it was blowing hard and the tide was running against the wind, which made it almost impossible to catch anything. We had dinner at the motel with a cousin of mine who has retired to Florida and her husband and son.

The next morning Jack is woke up sick, and Barb doctored him while I slept. I thought I had a chance to catch Bruce if I got going early in the round, but after birdieing the 2nd hole I took a double bogey on the 3rd when my approach flew over the green and rolled right up against a tree. My 70, in a high wind, was not bad at all, but it was not good enough. I saw Bruce in time to congratulate him on his win, and then rushed back to the motel for a quick sandwich and some packing. We were scheduled to fly out to Fort Lauderdale at 8:15 p.m., but the plane was delayed 75 minutes so we jumped on a flight to Miami, rented a car at the airport there and drove up. Jackie had a sore throat by the time we got to Fort Lauderdale and it was midnight. But at least we could stay there the following week while I played in the Doral Open. The course is only 25 miles away.

THE SCORE BOARD

Miles this week:	500
Miles to date:	12,890
Winnings this week:	\$1,442
Winnings to date:	\$14,265

YOGI AND I—IRISHMEN AT BREAKFAST TIME

The fishing date Gordon MacRae and I made my back at the Crosby in January had been set for the day after I returned from St. Petersburg. Unfortunately, the bent propeller shafts were not fixed until noon so I had to cancel it. Late in the afternoon I tried some bottom fishing and got back in time to

a 1980/81 ad


This patch means you're wearing the greatest court shoe ever built.

This is the original, the granddaddy of them all. Often imitated but never equalled. The Jack Purcell—built for strenuous court play. Its specially designed, molded outsole gives exceptional traction on composition and hardwood. The exclusive P-F Posture Foundation RIGID WEDGE in the heel takes the strain off foot and leg muscles. The Hygienic cushion insole

cushions your foot and does not absorb perspiration. It is as comfortable as your skin. Wear a pair. Your feet will tell you why the Jack Purcell is so often the choice of top players. And its classic lines and unique design have made it a favorite for casual wear. At better sporting goods stores, or write: The B.F. Goodrich Company, Watertown, Massachusetts 02172

B.F. Goodrich



This is a new Chris-Craft Super Sport.



Is it your cup of tea?

Do you like the idea of hustling off to remote places at about 47 miles per hour*—and doing it in absolute comfort? How about towing, not one or two, but a whole gaggle of water skiers? Well, this just may be the boat for you. It's entirely possible that a Super Sport could introduce you to boating thrills and action you've never experienced before.

To achieve these things, this Super Sport has some rather special ingredients: A hull planked with solid Philippine mahogany, with a double-planked bottom. A snarling 327-cubic inch V8 that delivers 210 horsepower. (A 430-cubic inch 275-hp monster is optional.) And look what else is standard: A special super-speed propeller, and a highly streamlined racing rudder and shaft strut. Hydraulic transmission. Two-

tone upholstery, full paneling, and vinyl cockpit floor. Now isn't all this starting to sound like your cup of tea?

But the proof and the worth of all this come when you slip behind the wheel and advance the throttle. The boat takes off like a pistol shot. Want to turn? You barely suggest it to the wheel, and the response is cat-quick. Equally delightful is the way a Super Sport turns...as stable as a three-legged stool.

Once you try this kind of action, you'll know that life isn't going to be the same for you again. So the thing to do is put Taming-A-Super-Sport on your agenda right now. There are four models...17, 18, 20 (shown above) and 21 feet, and your Chris-Craft dealer is the man to see. For literature write Sport Boat Division, Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Fla.

*Speeds shown are obtained by actual tests conducted over a certified course and are averaged in two directions, with and against wind and current. Boats have a driver only, and fuel tanks are 75 full. The stated speed is based on the maximum horsepower specified for each boat at full throttle operation.

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A dramatic event occurs . . . and you're *there* getting the news first-hand with your STANDARD[®] Micronic Ruby Eight — the world's *tiniest*, high fidelity 8-transistor radio. Yet this microminiaturized instrument, made with the precision of a fine Swiss watch, fits snugly into the palm of your hand, or hides away completely in the lapel pocket of your jacket. You keep in touch with the news of the world . . . listen to music, loud and clear, or have it whisper softly in your private ear . . . anytime, anywhere.

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SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE. The STANDARD[®] Transistor Eight Micronic Ruby, Model SR-M437. Has true super-heterodyne circuitry. Its 10 semiconductors even include one diode. Automatic gain control. Weighs only four and one-fifth ounces. Comes complete with chain and fob. External antenna cord for optional stepped-up volume. Standard earphone for private listening. 2 long life mercury batteries. Jewel case. At reputable stores, \$39.95.

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THE LIFE I LEAD

After we had finished the first hole the rain came down in buckets and there was lightning and thunder. We ducked into a shelter near the second tee, but when Joe Black, the PGA Tournament Supervisor, saw us hiding there he came buzzing over in a golf cart.

"I haven't called play," he said. "What are you all doing in this shelter house?" I said, "Didn't you see the lightning?" He said he hadn't. The shelter sure seemed like a logical place to be.

A few minutes later the siren holding up play was heard, and we waited another 15 minutes until the storm let up. I had let up, too, by then. I finished with a 73 and fell two shots back of Billy Casper, who had taken the lead with a 67. This set up a hard Sunday.

I was paired with Casper and Jack Rule Jr. Jack and I are friendly rivals from our junior amateur years. He beat me by a shot in the 1956 National Jaycee Junior and in the 1956 USGA Junior he beat me 1 up in the semifinals. I remember I would get scared to death every time I saw Jack pick up his wedge—he killed me with it. You get to know a fellow pretty well on the golf course, and it is especially pleasant when friends you have had for a long time do well on the tour. And, of course, Casper is always a pleasure to play with. He has a good swing and is a much better hitter of the ball than lots of people give him credit for. He bogeyed the 4th hole, and I birdied the 6th to tie him, but after that he never looked as if he would miss a shot. His birdie on the 8th to my bogey gave him a lead I could not cut. I badly wanted to win. I felt as if I could win. I played well, and finished strong. But Casper did not seem to be impressed by my resolution. On the last hole I needed a 20-foot birdie putt to tie him. I guess I never really felt I could hole the putt—and didn't. Casper bent me, it was as simple as that. I am getting tired of being a second-place Irishman.

THE SCOREBOARD

Miles this week:	200
Miles to date:	13,060
Winnings this week:	\$4,762
Winnings to date:	\$19,027

NEXT WEEK

Nicklaus ends his journal with a sensitive account of the prelude to the Masters, his defeat and how, for just a moment, he considered quitting for the year.



On safari in Tanganyika, professional hunter Ormanney holds a Winchester slide-action 22—one of three new 22 models he tested.

“How did I get to be a professional hunter? I guess it all began with a Winchester 22,” *says David Ormanney, our man in Africa.*

When we took our new rifles to Tanganyika, to prove them on safari, it was David Ormanney we chose to lead us.



Maasai warrior who visited our camp learns to aim with new lever-action 22.

Few men know more about game and guns than Ormanney. And no professional hunter in East Africa is better liked and respected.

Our three 22 models were among the new rifles he helped test. “The ruggedness and accuracy of these hard-hitting rifles is amazing,” Ormanney said.

But it was what he said about his long experience with Winchester 22s that we wish all young hunters (and their parents) could have heard.

“I was just a kid,” he told us, “when I owned my first one. And no rifle I’ve handled since had so much to do with deciding my career.

“It wasn’t simply that I learned from it how to aim and squeeze a trigger. My first 22 taught me most of the things a true hunter must feel in his bones.

“Things like showing respect for his rifle—by always handling it safe-

ly, and never failing to keep it clean and in perfect shape.

“Things like always being fair to the game he hunts—by never firing at anything until he’s pretty sure a single shot will drop it.”



Semi-automatic rifle Model 200, \$12.95.



Lever-action rifle Model 250, \$56.95.



Slide-action rifle Model 270, \$55.95.

(With Inven Choke, Inven. See on.)

To this day, David Ormanney is never without a Winchester 22 in the rack of his Land-Rover. “It’s a real rifle,” he says. “And belongs in the safari battery.”



Give muscle to your 22. Be sure you ask for Winchester or Western rifle ammo.

WINCHESTER WESTERN DIVISION **Olin**



How Chevrolet makes roads feel smooth as the maps they're printed on

If you think this is going to be a lot of smooth talk about how luxuriously Chevrolet rides, you're right. But keep on reading. We've got all kinds of interesting facts and figures to back it up.

Those new roads on the map with the double red lines seem pretty nice in about any car.

But so do the old bumpy and hilly dotted-line ones in a Chevrolet with Jet-smooth ride.

So what's Jet-smooth ride? It's not just a name for Chevrolet's suspension system, if that's what you think.

It's Chevrolet's luxury-car length, for one thing—17½ feet from bumper to bumper—that makes bumps less noticeable.* And Chevrolet's luxury-car weight—from 3,375 to 4,045 lbs., depending on model and engine—that holds firmly to the road on curves.

It's over 700 sound quieters throughout the chassis and that big roomy Body by Fisher. Not to mention sound-absorbing wall-to-wall deep-twist carpeting that comes in every single Chevrolet model, even the lowest priced Biscaynes, wagons and all. And foam cushioning on Chevrolet's wide,

comfortable seats, nearly two inches thick on Impala models. (Sound sumptuous?)

It's Chevrolet's seven engines, each one precision-balanced for smoother running and longer life, ranging from the standard 140-hp Six all the way up to an extra-cost 425-hp V8. (You can see where the "Jet" in Jet-smooth came from.) And Chevrolet's smooth-shifting transmissions, too.

And it's Chevrolet's Full Coil suspension—a big chrome-alloy steel coil spring at each wheel. By the way, just to show you how fussy we are about Chevrolet quality, we tailor the springs to the weight of the various models.

In short, Jet-smooth ride is really just about everything that makes Chevrolet an honest-to-goodness luxury car.

About the only thing that *doesn't* is the Chevrolet price. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Mich.

Chevrolet • Chevrolet • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvair



*You could get technical about it and say it's really Chevrolet's long 115-inch wheelbase (that's the distance between front and rear axles). But you know what we mean.

Chevrolet Impala Super Sport Coupe with bucket seats



Jet-smooth Luxury Chevrolet

The Los Angeles Dodgers staggered home from a road trip last week in desperate shape. They were a ninth-place team in a 10-team league and looked as if they had as much chance of winning the National League pennant as Sam Evenson has of becoming the mayor of Cairo. There were sore backs, sore elbows, sore ankles, sore shoulders, sore arms, and inflamed appendices all over the place, but the biggest sore spot of all was the Dodger bat rack. That old Dodger malady *clava moribunda*—sick bat, lack of power—was haunting them as never before.

Dodger fans from coast to coast were trying to pacify themselves by saying that at the end of their first 29 games last year the Dodger record was 14-15; this year it was 13-16, not much worse. There were injuries last year, too, and Dodger fans insist those injuries—to Maury Wills, Sandy Koufax and Tommy Davis—were just as serious as the injuries to Koufax, Ron Perranoski and Johnny Podres seem this year.

Behind everyone's thinking, however, is still the shadow of old *clava moribunda*. That is the one thing Dodger fans and the Dodgers themselves do not like to think

or talk about. In 1963 Los Angeles scored only 640 runs, a bewildering drop of 24% from the year before when the Dodgers *lost* the pennant. Only one other team in 30 years, the 1945 Detroit Tigers, ever found itself in a World Series after scoring so few runs as the Dodgers did last year. And 1945 was a war year with a 154-game schedule. At their current rate of nonproduction, the 1964 Dodgers will score 14%, fewer runs than they did last year, and it is going to be impossible for any pitching staff to carry such a team to a pennant. Although it looked for a while last week

THE DODGERS' TROUBLED GIANT

Erratic slugger Frank Howard must come through if L.A. hopes to win a pennant this season

by WILLIAM LEGGETT





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HOWARD continued

as if Los Angeles was finally going to make a move toward the first division, it was being done with those old Dodger reliables, pitching and speed, not power. In winning four games out of seven, the Dodgers had only nine extra-base hits, four of them by Howard.

The Dodgers have fewer extra-base hits than 17 of the 20 teams in the major leagues. Only the Houston Colt .45s and the New York Mets in the National League have hit fewer home runs. The Dodgers have just 21, and 12 of them have come from the bat of one man—Frank Oliver Howard (see cover), the 27-year-old, 6-foot-7, 258-pound outfielder who is the most powerful-looking man in baseball and, on certain well-spaced days, the game's most powerful slugger.

Frank Howard has been compared to Babe Ruth, Paul Bunyan and Swat Miligan, who became a legend in the early 1900s because when he hit a baseball "there was a puff of smoke and a thin, blue streak of flame." Sandy Koufax says, "Frank Howard leads all leagues in eating," and Wally Moon, Howard's roommate, says, "I don't know that much about the American League, but I do know that Frank leads the National League in sleeping." There have been other descriptive superlatives, including a Los Angeles wit's paraphrase of Lord Tennyson's lines from *Su Galahad*: "Frank's strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure." Frank Howard himself is certainly big, strong and ravenous, but also hardly a complete ballplayer, and a mighty confused young man besides.

This year Howard has knocked in almost a quarter of the runs scored by the entire Dodger team. He has hit a home run in every park that the Dodgers have played in, and he has poor Bob Hendley, a pitcher for the San Francisco Giants, thinking deep thoughts about the Golden Gate Bridge. In his last 11 at bats against Hendley, Howard has hit seven homers. But Howard has had some huge botching and fielding lapses, too; he has had one hit in 27 consecutive times at bat, and he has struck out nearly twice as many times as anyone else on the team. Howard's current strikeout rate could easily lead him beyond his 1963 strikeout record (116), which broke a Dodger mark that had stood for almost a quarter of a century.

When Howard is not striking out, he inspires tremendous fear in pitchers and

third basemen on opposing teams—and in coaches, batting-practice pitchers and base runners among the Dodgers themselves. The sight of Howard digging in at the plate causes third-base coach Leo Durocher to shuffle six steps toward left field and a dozen steps back toward the stands, so that he looks more like a patron cheering from the field boxes than a man going about the business of being a baseline coach. "I remember in 1958," says Duke Snider, once a great young Dodger center fielder and now the senior citizen of the San Francisco Giants, "when I was leading off third base in Cincinnati with Howard at bat. I had my protective helmet on just in case he hit one at me, and he did. I was in foul territory and didn't see the ball come off the bat too good. All I saw was a blur and I threw my left shoulder up at him. The ball glanced off the shoulder and hit below the bottom of my helmet. I went down. I didn't know where I was, and blood started to flow out of my ear. They picked me up and I was dizzy for three, four, five days. Frank Howard has more raw power than anyone in baseball."

Howard has been with the Dodgers for six years now and has yet to do the things they believe possible. "I think I am a realistic guy," says Howard. "I have the God-given talents of strength and leverage. I realize that I can never be a great ballplayer because a great ballplayer must be able to do five things well: run, field, throw, hit and hit with power. I am mediocre in four of those—but I can hit with power. I have a chance to be a good ballplayer. I work on my fielding all the time, but in the last two years I feel that I have gotten worse as a fielder. My greatest fear was being on the bases, and I still worry about it. I'm afraid to get picked off, I'm afraid to make a mistake on the bases, and I have made them again and again, but here I feel myself getting better."

Howard correctly judges his own fielding; this spring it has become even more of a problem than usual. His reaction time in the outfield is certainly not swift, but he is also plagued by a sore arm. He injured it last year in a fit of temper in Chicago. After looking dismal at the plate, he went back into the dug-out and threw himself against a huge steel door, and the arm has not been the same since. This year, on some plays, he has not thrown the ball at all, and on

continued



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others he has thrown it to the wrong relay man.

Howard is by no means the smartest man alive, and he knows it. When he first came to the Dodgers he was the target of many wisecracks and had trouble adapting to the humor and needling of big league baseball without losing his temper. The Dodgers signed Howard to a \$108,000 bonus in 1958 when he was still attending Ohio State University. Though he had plenty of money, he steadfastly refused to buy a car. One night Harold Totten, the president of the Three-I League, left a game in Green Bay and saw Howard starting to walk the two miles from the ball park to the center of town. Totten picked Howard up and suggested that it was odd that Howard, of all the players, did not have a car. "No sir!" said Howard. "I don't own a car and I don't ever expect to because I don't know how to drive, and I don't want to learn."

Howard's father was a 6-foot-four, 240-pound machinist for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway in Columbus, Ohio, and he encouraged Frank to play baseball. All Frank thought about in high school was baseball, but since Columbus is in the heart of the Midwest he played basketball, too. He was good at it and he was big, and soon basketball coaches from all over the nation were after him. He decided to stay home and go to Ohio State. "Frank was anxious to get an education," says Floyd Stahl, his basketball coach at OSU, "but he had almost no money. We didn't have the grants-in-aid and the sports scholarships that we have today. I told Frank I thought we could find jobs for him." Actually, Howard had always worked and was not afraid of it. He worked on a garbage truck when he was in high school, and when Stahl got him a job at Ohio State Howard joined the cement crew that was building the St. John Arena on the campus. The general superintendent for the contractor on the job told Stahl, "Frank does twice as much work as any laborer I've had."

Howard's love of hard work forced Stahl to watch him carefully so he would not overtrain. "One year," says Stahl, "he had the team trainer make him some anklets and put lead weights in them so he could build up his legs for rebounding."

Howard's determination impressed Stahl. "I remember when we were playing Indiana in 1956 and we got ahead by 20 points. Frank kept asking me to put him back in the ball game. I finally said, 'You act like we can't get along without you out there.' Frank said, 'Heck, coach, I know you can get along without me. I just don't want you to find out.'"

In his senior year something hap-

pened that still bothers Howard. He was taking batting practice one afternoon and a student manager, Melvin Lipton, was picking up balls in the infield behind the pitcher. Howard lined a ball that hit Lipton in the head just as he looked up. It fractured Lipton's skull, and he was on the critical list for three days. Howard walked the streets of Columbus alone and cried. "I didn't much care about anything," he says now. "It

continued



ON DAY OFF IN CHICAGO HOWARD AND WIFE CAROL GO FOR WALK WITH DAUGHTER



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Grey-Rock outperformed 18 other brands in these NASCAR-supervised tests. Only two brands, including Grey-Rock, had the stuff to make 10 rapid decelerations from 100 to 40 mph and stay within the capacity of power brake units in the final round. In these tests, Grey-Rock was miles ahead of the others.

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Tom McCahill

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HOWARD continued

was awful. Terrible. No one can give know how I felt. Mel's father came to me and said, "Frank, everyone knows that it isn't your fault." But I felt it was. Luckily, he recovered. He graduated from dental school in 1962."

There is a single-mindedness and a stubbornness to Howard's dedication to baseball that showed itself as soon as he reported to the Dodgers in 1958. Unlike many players, he finds it difficult to relax. When members of the L.A. coaching staff try to teach him something they usually succeed only in confusing him. "I know that everyone is trying to help me," he says, "but sometimes it gets to be too much."

Howard has been platooned every year he has been with the Dodgers except 1962, and that season he hit .296, drove in 119 runs and had 31 homers. Last year, especially, he was not used as often as he felt he should have been. After the World Series, in which he hit two tremendous drives off Yankee pitcher Whitey Ford, he went to General Manager Buzzie Bavasi and asked where he stood with the Dodgers. "I didn't go in and give it that old nonsense about play me or trade me, because the Dodgers have some mighty fine players," says Howard. "I told Mr. Bavasi that these were my peak years as an athlete and that an athlete doesn't get two or three sets of peak years. I wanted to play regularly, and Mr. Bavasi said I would get that chance this year. Manager Alston said it, too. Now it's up to me."

"Five years ago I couldn't sit down and talk to anyone I didn't know well. I would run and hide to avoid publicity. I still don't get on easily with people that I don't know. I'm a moody guy, and I've done some stupid things. Last year before the season started, for instance, we played the Los Angeles Angels in an exhibition game in Dodger Stadium before a full house. A guy in the field seats on the third-base side of the diamond really got all over me, and I let him have it back. Bad! The next day I got a letter from a man who said that he was at the game with his wife and son and that they had heard what I'd shouted. I was ashamed and wrote the man a letter of apology. Then Vin Scully asked me to go on a radio program with him, and when I did I told everyone that I was sorry that I had lost my temper and was ashamed of myself."

Near the end of the 1963 season How-

ard felt that he no longer wanted to play baseball even though both he and the Dodgers were doing well at the time, but Pete Reiser took him aside and gave him an old-fashioned talking-to. Howard felt better and went on, but another crisis was coming. In December he went to work at The Sands in Las Vegas as part of a Dodger act that included Tommy Davis, Willie Davis, Ron Perranoski, Don Drysdale and Bill Skowron. "I let the first time in my life," says Howard. "I felt that the shell was off me. I got to like appearing before people and, well, I didn't mind meeting people so much as I had before. In our act I did a ballet to the *Blue Danube* waltz, and I guess I got as much of a kick out of it as the audience." But if the relaxed atmosphere of Las Vegas unshelled Howard, it also seems to have further confused him, and early this spring Howard decided to quit baseball again. All he will say is, "A combination of things hit me all at once. I had some personal problems which had to be ironed out. The way I felt, mentally and physically, it would have been an injustice to the club and to myself to try and play baseball. Some people began writing things off the top of their heads about a matter which they knew nothing about. My wife became the brunt of unfair criticism, but she hadn't done anything. It was my fault, and I was confused. I went to several priests to see what I should do. Finally George Mackay, a vice-president of the Green Bay Packaging Company where I work as a sales trainee, gave me some good advice. He said, 'Frank, a man should do what his abilities show he should do. Right now you don't know much about the box business, but you know baseball, and deep down you love it. If I were you Frank, I would go back.' So I did."

On opening night this season at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, Howard struck out his first two times at bat and looked terrible. Then, when the Dodgers needed runs, he hit a ball 420 feet to left field that went as fast and straight as a bullet from an M-1 rifle. When he took his position in right field the crowd of more than 50,000 was on its feet, applauding. "At times," he says, "I am a sentimental guy, but I just don't know what to do when that happens. I don't take off my cap or throw kisses to the crowd even though I might feel like it deep down inside. But I felt that they were truly pulling for me."

END

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Hurrying onto the first tee of the posh Bloomfield Hills (Mich.) Country Club course at 6 a.m. one morning last week, efficient **George Romney** quickly put down three balls (the quickest way to get in 18 holes of golf is to play three balls around six). Then, sizing up the distant (160 yards) hole through the misty dawn, whomped them—one, two, three—down the fairway. Through some gubernatorial oversight, two of the drives merely landed on the green. The third clonked obediently into the cup, but, alas, no one was around to witness Republican Romney's second hole in one in five years and thus make it official.

"It was the worst experience of my life," said Lawrence of Arabia's old buddy, **Sheik Ali ibn el Karish**, as he turned up at New York's Americana Hotel, dressed with Hollywood casualness (below), to

take part in the world bridge tournament. The sheik, who in real life is Screen Star **Omar Sharif**, was bemoaning with a cardplayer's passion the wasted days and nights he had spent in Araby with **Peter O'Toole**, **Alec Guinness**, **Anthony Quinn** and the rest of the cast of *Lawrence*. "There we were," said Omar bitterly, "stranded in the desert for 18 months and not a single one of them played bridge."

"Senator," said Louisiana Congressman **Hale Boggs**, indicating a heavyset man of 50-odd at a political banquet, "this is **Andy Pilney**." "Well," exclaimed Florida's **George Smathers**, onetime safety man for the championship Miami High School Stingarees, turning to shake hands, "I've always wanted to meet the man that threw two touchdown passes over my head 33 years ago." His

memory prodded a little, the passing wizard who went on to star for Notre Dame and coach at Tulane finally admitted that his unbeaten Harrison Teah High team did have "a pass pattern in which our right end ran a shallow route over the middle while our left end delayed and ran deep." But, he added apologetically, "no one ever told me Senator Smathers was the Miami safety man."

Now that the hockey season is over, Canada's No. 1 fan doesn't have much to keep him busy except following baseball and tennis, playing a little golf, doing some fishing and, oh yes, governing Canada. A varsity man at the University of Toronto in hockey, lacrosse, baseball and football, an Oxford blue in hockey and lacrosse, a one-time Olympian and a former semipro baseball star, 67-year-old Prime Minister **Lester Pearson** stayed true to form and caught himself "a beauty of more than five pounds" while bass fishing at Harrington Lake last week. He may be the closest thing to Frank Merriwell that international politics will ever see.

Actor **Don Murray** got the rebound and passed out to TV Star **Gardner McKay**, who threw to the teen-agers' **Pat Boone**, who dribbled downcourt. Then **Scott Miller** raced in for the screen play, Boone shot, the ball hit the rim, and **Philosopher Rafe Johnson** tipped it into the basket. That is how the Sinners, the hottest basketball team in the Los Angeles Recreation Department, won the studio league title. In an earlier game against a team of real pros, the Sinners fared

less happily. "Man," said one Sinner, still wincing at the memory, "the last time we met the Rams in a charity game Joe Scibelli kneed me and I was out three weeks."

The winner was the **Marquess of Queensberry**, but he wasn't fighting according to his ancestor's rules. As a professor of ceramics at London's Royal College of Art, the 34-year-old peer was competing in a design contest for a prize offered by the Duke of Edinburgh and won it with a set of cut glass. And if his bombastic old forebear was spinning in his grave at the time, who cares? The 12th Marquess says he prefers judo to boxing anyway.

While **Gary Player** hits little white balls all over the world, his older brother **Ian**, chief warden of the Umfolozi Game Reserve in Zululand, chases white rhinoceroses all over South Africa. Touring the U.S. to promote the movie *Rhino*, nongolfer Ian explained their different occupations. "It's my father's fault, really. When I was a boy my father liked to fish and hunt, so that's what I was interested in. Ten years later, when Gary was a boy, Father had taken up golf."

Minding the store for Proprietor **Charles de Gaulle** is a pretty nervous business. So when it was all over and the boss was back on the job, France's pro-tem ruler **Georges Pompidou** retreated to the suburbs to play a relaxing game of *houles* with Hollywood visitors **Jean Seberg**, **Romola Gary** and **Anastole Litvak** while Mme. Pompidou watched from a helicopter.





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At address your hands and arms should be as nearly as possible in the position you would like them to be at impact. This duplication is difficult to achieve if your hands at address are placed either too close to your body or are straining to reach a ball that is too far away. If you don't bend just the right amount, you are in trouble.

There is a routine I follow to help me consistently keep the proper distance. First, I stand upright, with my shoulders in their natural position. Then I flex my knees a little and relax my shoulders, letting them slump forward. This pulls my head down and inclines the upper body toward the ball. Finally, I grip the club and extend it out directly behind the ball, keeping in mind that I want my left arm, left hand and the shaft of the club to form a line that dips only slightly away from the plane between my left shoulder and the club head. By starting from this position, I am able to take a swing that is free enough for me to keep my arms flowing easily past my body as I come down. I am also well balanced, because I will not have to lurch forward and reach for the ball.

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Stand straight up (dotted lines), with club held horizontally, then slump the shoulders before swinging the club out to meet the ball. At the proper address position (right) the arms and the club shaft form a slight angle.

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REFEREE AND ANNOUNCER WATCH AS ROBINSON (RIGHT) AND JORDAN OF U.S. CHALLENGE GAROZZO (FACING) AND FORQUET OF ITALY

Italy deals itself another winner

Sheky in the early stages of the Olympiad, nearly beaten by Great Britain in the semifinal, Italy's masterful bridge team rallied to crush the U.S. in the final to win its seventh world championship in eight years

At world championship level, tournament bridge players are merely names on a giant electronic board. The performers themselves compete in hidden places while their total abilities are harshly revealed by lights that flicker from the face of the Bridge-O-Rama machine to a jammed room of smokers, coffee drinkers, whoopers, groaners and whispering critics. Last week in an auditorium in the Americana Hotel in midtown Manhattan the skills and defects of the best cardplayers from 29 nations were on display, on and off the board, in the World Bridge Olympiad. When, after 12 torturous days and nights, the Olympiad finally ended at 2 a.m. Wednesday morning, a normal working hour for bridge experts, the magnificent old Italian names—Forquet, Garozzo, Belladonna—were still the brightest of all.

Winning bridge titles is something the Italians do regularly, and the Olympiad constituted Italy's seventh world championship in the last eight years. But the difference this time, and indeed the thing that illuminated the entire tournament, was the fact that Italy had to win over more elements of chance than bridge players like to consider.

First of all, there was the problem of simply getting into the exhibition hall in the Americana, a sleek white building

that rises from the fringe of Rockefeller Center like four Miami Beach motels piled on top of each other. The Americana always has a lot of conventions and wandering groups, and, along with the 281 bridge players, bridge-playing wives and bridge-playing friends, the hotel at various times during the Olympiad was host to armies of badge wearers who belonged to the Eastern Mortgage Conference, AT&T, American Airlines, the Northeast Conference of Teachers of Foreign Languages, the National Paper Box Manufacturers Association, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, General Cigar, a South American tour group, some Japanese pottery makers—and to Peggy Lee. Therefore, to most of the bridge competitors, just making the trip to the table and cards was an adventure.

Next came the problem of playing only 18 hands against each of the other 28 nations in the 10 days of qualifying. In spotlight bridge, where expert reputations are at stake, 18 deals are considered about as conclusive as one inning of baseball. One wrong lead can swing the entire result of a match. Thus it was never possible for a team to relax—something the U.S. team found out the hard way. After the first six matches the U.S. had lost three, including an

embarrassing shutout to unregarded Republic of China, and the team was in 15th place. No one really worried, though. John Gerber, last year's U.S. captain, observed the situation and said, "This is a young, aggressive team, a non-drinking team. Take Bob Jordan and Arthur Robinson, for instance. They're killers. They'll be all right."

Gerber was right. Slowly, as the round-robin continued, the class teams—Italy, Great Britain and the U.S.—formed a group at the top. As they did, some definite opinions were agreed upon by the imposing array of bridge insiders who always gather for such tournaments. One such opinion was that Jordan and Robinson, the Philadelphia pair who sit down at a table as if they have just decided to rub out Albert Anastasia, were playing the best bridge of the tournament, good enough perhaps to sweep the U.S. to its first title since 1954. Another opinion was that the single most impressive player was Terence Reese, the rigid, canary-faced professional from Great Britain, author of many bridge books and coauthor of a bewildering system called the Little Major, which Reese devised partly out of humor to combat the highly specialized, artificial bidding system of the Italians. The final opinion among the experts was that

Will she brave the waves like Gertrude Ederle?

At 7:06 A.M. on August 6, 1926, a 19-year-old named Gertrude Ederle stepped into the threatening waters at Cape Gris-Nez, France. 14 hours and 31 minutes later, the storm-swept seas behind her, she waded ashore at Kingsdown on the British coast—and made history. She was the first woman ever to swim the English Channel.

Not every youngster can be a Gertrude Ederle. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Our national leaders have stated that physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, has never been more important than it is today.

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Pietro Forquet, Italy's superplayer, a suave, handsome, cool bunker from Rome, appeared to be unsharped, perhaps troubled, at least in the early stage of the tournament, and that his dark, smiling partner of four years, Benito Garozzo, was carrying the pair.

Forquet, in truth, was troubled at the start, and with good cause. The Italians were staying at an East Side hotel, and on the first day of the Olympiad Forquet's wife had \$10,000 worth of uninsured jewels stolen from the room. "We tried to put them in the hotel's safety box," said Forquet, "but the managers told us there was no room. We had them in the luggage. I was naturally upset."

Even though Forquet was upset at first, he still had plenty of time to demonstrate his true greatness. In so doing, he took care of those other hasty impressions, that Jordan and Robinson, good as they were, were a stronger pair than the kings—Forquet and Garozzo; and that Reese, Little Major or big, was a better player than Pietro Forquet.

When the grueling 10-day round robin was over, the first four teams met in the semifinals. Italy drew the tough Brit-

ish team, which had finished first, while the U.S. played Canada. The Canadians had barely made it, finishing a shade ahead of a haggard Swiss team, which had gone through the entire tournament with only four players—two less than the usual number.

The U.S. started fast against Canada. Both American pairs—Jordan and Robinson and Stayman and Mitchell—played superbly, and when the first session was over, the U.S. had an imposing 52-IMP lead, apparently enough for an easy victory. Robinson was exhausted, so he and Jordan were replaced for the third session by the "third string," Don Krauss and Bob Hamman.

Hamman and Krauss played well, but the U.S. lead dwindled anyway, slowly during the second session, more quickly during the third. With only one board left to play, the U.S. lead had shrunk to 16 IMPs.

It was at this point that Stayman and Mitchell, having finished their boards in the closed room, joined a small crowd watching Hamman and Krauss on a Vu-Graph. It was Krauss's turn to bid and, to the spectators who could see all 52 cards, it was clear that Krauss would have to pass, else he would be beyond

his depth, and the U.S. would lose still more points.

Mitchell, a nervous man anyway, paced the floor, jerked at his tie and commanded the Krauss on the machine to pass. "Just hit the table," said Mitchell, looking starkly at the Vu-Graph. Silence, while Krauss, sitting in some distant room, considered. "Pass, for God's sake," said Mitchell to the machine. "Look, if you bid, you're off the team!" More silence. Finally, Krauss passed, the crowd mumbled relief, and Mitchell walked triumphantly away.

For a while the finals between the U.S. and Italy offered the great drama that the 1,000 spectators had anticipated. Jordan and Robinson, who had easily bested Forquet and Garozzo in the last day of round-robin play (the only time Italy was blanked), went into the match with supreme confidence. In the round robin Forquet had made a few minor blunders, which prompted Co-Captain Edgar Kaplan to remark to Jordan and Robinson, "Forquet is just another bridge player." The idea that Forquet might—just might—have been trying to con the Americans in the unimportant match did not occur to anyone.

What did occur to some members of *continued*

TWO CRUCIAL BOARDS THAT HELPED ITALY TO VICTORY

The Italians played 624 bridge hands on the way to the championship, but two, more than any of the others, helped win them the title. One (below) was the dramatic last board in the semifinal against Great Britain, on which Britain had two chances to win the match. In the closed room, Maurice Harrison-Gray and Kenneth Konstam, sitting North-South, had a bidding misunderstanding, reached live spades and went down one trick on a bad trump split. As it developed, had they stopped at four spades, Great Britain would have won. When the hand

<i>West dealer</i>		NORTH	
<i>North-South vulnerable</i>		♠ Q ♥ 10 7 3 2 ♦ J 2 ♣ Q 10 9 8 6	
WEST		EAST	
♠ 3 ♥ A J 9 6 5 4 ♦ 10 8 7 6 ♣ J 4		♠ J 10 9 7 2 ♥ K Q ♦ 9 ♣ K 7 5 3 2	
NORTH		SOUTH	
♠ A K 8 6 5 4 ♥ 8 ♦ A Q 5 1 3 ♣ A			

was played again in the open room, Britain had still another chance to win.

Italy, playing the North-South cards, bid six diamonds. Britain's Terence Reese and Boris Schapiro had done well during the final session and probably thought their team had taken the lead. Had they known that Italy was still 11 International Match Points ahead, Schapiro, sitting West, surely would have doubted. As it was, he passed and Italy's Walter Avarelli was set three tricks, 300 points. If Schapiro had doubted, the penalty would have been 800 and the bigger score would have given Great Britain 12 IMPs and victory by a single point.

Italy's second critical hand was Board 32 (right) in the final against the U.S. Italy had been well behind but had caught up when this hand was played.

In both rooms the East-West players reached the optimistic contract of six spades, played by East. The club ace was opened in each case, ruffed with dummy's ace of spades and followed by a low diamond. North ducked, and East's queen won the trick. At this point, Sam Stayman of the U.S. and Benito Garozzo of Italy chose separate paths, and Stayman's led to disaster. Sam ruffed a second club in dummy, led a heart to his

<i>West dealer</i>		NORTH	
<i>Neither side vulnerable</i>		♠ 8 7 6 2 ♥ 10 9 6 ♦ A J 9 8 ♣ Q 8	
WEST		EAST	
♠ A K Q 9 ♥ A 8 5 1 3 ♦ K 10 1 3 ♣ —		♠ 10 5 4 ♥ K Q ♦ Q 2 ♣ J 10 9 3 2	
WEST		SOUTH	
		♠ 3 ♥ J 7 2 ♦ 7 6 5 ♣ A K 7 6 5 4	

hand and cashed a second heart before ruffing a third round of clubs. Unfortunately, North had started with only two clubs. He was able to discard his third heart on the club, and the slam became impossible.

Garozzo, after winning the second trick, cashed his two high hearts, then ruffed a second club and was able to cash his heart ace, discarding his losing diamond. Now he crossruffed to bring home the slam. The swing was 17 IMPs and the U.S. was never again in the lead.

—CHARLES GOREN



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BRIDGE continued

the Swiss team is that Forquet may have played poorly to hinder Switzerland from making the semifinals. Italy, the Swiss players argued, has had difficulty playing Switzerland in the past. By losing its round-robin match to the U.S., Italy would allow the Americans to secure a place in the semifinals. That done, the U.S. would probably let down in its match against Canada, the last of the round robin. And if the Canadians beat the U.S., they, not the Swiss, would qualify for the semifinals. Planned or not, it worked out just that way.

Even if all this were true, the U.S. players would not have believed it. They had whipped the Italians in the round robin, and they would do it again in the finals. Eager and cocky, almost as if the finals were a weekly duplicate, the Americans jumped to a surprising lead, 42-11, as Jordan played eight of the first 13 hands with instinctive sharpness, and Stayman and Mitchell made two good doubles.

"Now we have to be careful," said John Gerber. "When some of our boys start smelling the roses, they get too ambitious. And our bidding won't prevent it like the Italian system does, especially if the hands run wild."

The hands ran wild, all right, and so did the Americans. Everything went wrong. Stayman and Mitchell overbid six spades, down one. Mitchell went down at four spades, doubled. Robinson lost a makable three no trump. Stayman went down, doubled, at two diamonds on a hand where the pudgy, exuberant Giorgio Belladonna made one spade. Suddenly Italy was ahead.

Although the U.S. regained the lead briefly on the 29th hand, the crusher was soon to come. On the 32nd hand Garozzo made six spades with a logical play in hearts, while Stayman failed. The result was a 17-point swing from which the U.S. never recovered. Then, in the final session, Forquet and Garozzo fascinated a group of mistake-charting experts and won continued applause by going the entire 20 hands without making a single bidding or playing error.

"I'll tell you one thing," said a dazed Arthur Robinson. "I wouldn't want to play these guys for a living."

"Nice boys," said Pietro Forquet, pointing to Jordan and Robinson and walking away with his pretty, jewelled wife. "They play well." It sounded as if Forquet was already setting them up for next year.

END

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AANNNGHHH!

The whales grunted mightily at the Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles and put the shot with commensurate effect as a grateful crowd ohhhhhed



LEVIATHANS among weight men, Dallas Long (above) and teen-ager Randy Matson are moving toward a record 70-foot heave.



There was a time, not long ago, when the very suggestion of a shotput competition sent track and field enthusiasts scurrying for the popcorn stand. Those silly enough to stay at their seats would giggle as the whales—shotputters are known as whales because they are the size of three-bedroom Cape Cod cottages—"aannnnghhhed" in final agonies of exhaustion and pushed their shots into the air. Compared with the soaring results achieved by discus and javelin throwers, the shotputters' efforts seemed hardly worthwhile.

All that changed, however, when Parry O'Brien began coming to meet almost 15 years ago. O'Brien's idea of what a shotputter should be was simple and direct. Be Outspoken. Be Colorful. He succeeded admirably (or not so admirably, according to your own taste) in both departments. And because he could, with a distinctive and dynamic style, also put greater distance between himself and the 16-pound steel ball than anybody ever had, he brought a new dimension to the event: glamour. Now shotputters get their pictures in the paper. Little children want to be like them. They get introductions by spotlight. Their throws are performed, as they were last week in the Los Angeles Coliseum, to the roll of drums, distracting as that might be, and when they go "aannnnghhh" the fans go "ohhhhhh" and stay firm in their seats.

And Parry O'Brien? Parry is putting the shot pretty much the way he did as a two-time Olympic gold medal winner, and getting ignored because he pretty much gets his colorful, outspoken ears pinned back by baby whales like Dallas Long and Randy Matson. O'Brien did 62 feet 3 1/4 inches last week at the Coliseum Relays, which was five feet better than he did in winning his first gold medal in 1952 and almost two better than his winning put at Melbourne in 1956. But it was not for Parry O'Brien

that the people passed up popcorn—and the chance to get momentary relief from a chilling southern California night—to watch the shotput. The attraction was the expected prodigies of the man-child Matson and the world champion Long.

Naturally, in an Olympic year at a meet of influence there were other attractions: Robert Hayes vs. Henry Carr in the 200-meter dash, for example, and big names (John Pennel, Ralph Boston, Hal Connolly, John Thomas, Rex Cawley) in almost every event. But Long was encountering new challenger Matson for the first time outdoors, and one of these two one of these days is going to put the shot 70 feet. Anticipating meet directors are already marking off the perimeter lines to 70 feet, which would have been laughed at only a few years ago.

Matson presumably has been heading in that direction ever since he was 14 and smashed the fender of his dad's car with a playful backyard toss of a 12-pound shot. "Gee, Dad," said young Randy, "if the car hadn't been parked there it would have gone 60 feet." That was in Pampa, Texas, where Randy grew up to be studious, gentlemanly, bland-mannered and a classic example of what a Southwest Conference football coach looks for in a tackle. Matson is now 19, 6 feet 6 1/2 inches, 244 pounds and a prominent part of the skyline at Texas A&M. His coach there, Charley Thomas, put Matson on a weight-lifting program when he arrived last September. Matson has since added 20 pounds and three inches to his chest, and there is room for expansion in every direction.

Three weeks ago in Texas he smashed another fender, Dallas Long's NCAA freshman record, with a throw of 64 feet 10 1/2. "I do not attempt to change Randy's style," said a smiling Charley Thomas. "I just keep him happy."

In his Los Angeles hotel room, lounging with teammate-runner Ted Nelson,

continued



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an hors d'oeuvre by comparison, Matson awaited his contest with what he referred to as "the big boys" and said he had slept well and eaten well but was nervous. "I'll be happy to finish second," he said. He just could not imagine beating Dallas Long if Long came close to his world-record throw of 65 feet 10½ inches.

Two weeks ago Long did 66 feet 7½ in Fresno, Calif., but that will be disallowed because a raised steel rim was not used in the throwing circle. It is outrageously unfunny that meet directors discover these flaws in their facilities after a significant record has been exceeded.

Long found out at the Coliseum that he was no longer the boy wonder of shot-putting. He was now, at 23, a daddy for the second time and face-to-face with a younger man's legitimate challenge for the first time. "It's different," he said in the infield as Matson stole self-conscious glances at him from a distance, "but I like it. It makes the competition that much more interesting."

Whereas Matson is still a growing boy, Long has leveled off at 258 pounds, about what he would want to weigh for Tokyo. He wears a size 50 suit, and were you to ask how much inside that suit is firmly packed he could give you these additional figures: he bench-presses 500 pounds and does deep knee bends with 400 pounds across his neck. At present, Long is in his second year of dental school at USC, studying as much as five hours a night to ward off the challenges of pedodontics, crown and bridge dentistry and periodontics, but he manages to work in practice time—often in the dark—putting from a strip of sidewalk near his apartment.

Both Long and Matson use throwing techniques patterned expressly after the style invented by O'Brien, who serves as a sort of international archetype. At the Coliseum Matson preceded Long in the order of competition. Photographers clustered around and were told to please keep their hands down because 26,000 people were dying to see young Randy Matson put it out to that 70-foot mark. The UCLA band, directly behind the throwing circle, plowed into *When the Saints Go Marching In*, a number of dubious appropriateness, as Matson removed first one then another sweat suit covering his Texas Aggie briefs. (On-again off-again is a nuisance game that must be played for good health by field-

event contestants in cold weather.) He towed off his steel ball, the one he has had since junior high school, eroded it under his cheek and stepped into the ring. Matson: "Aannnnghhh."

Crowd: "Ohh"—and "62 feet 8½ inches," said an official, the best so far of the night.

O'Brien followed with his 62 feet 3¼, then Long shed the satin-blue sweat suit of the Pasadena Athletic Club and made his first throw: 60 feet ¾ inch. He turned away without waiting for the measurement. "Too quick," he muttered, showing his teeth the way a child bares his for inspection. "Too eager."

On his second throw Matson did 63 feet 6¾. The crowd cheered loudly. Then came Long to pass him with a toss of 64 feet 1. Now the pressure clearly shifted to the younger of the young men. "The psychological edge is the big advantage in the shotput," Long has said, and at 19 Matson is still learning his psychology. He fouled the next three times in a row and finished with a 61-footer. Long, meanwhile, followed with a throw of 64 feet 4½, then a 65 feet 5¼ that proved to be the winner.

O'Brien wound up third but, true to his paternal instincts, was no more disappointed in himself than he was pleased by his glamorous young successors. "They're getting out there near virgin ground," he said, "The kid [Matson] is great. Very good snap and arm action. Nice long arms. And he's fast. You can't imagine how important speed can be in that little circle. But he needs work on his leg action. He threw a little stiff-legged."

Hayes invades Carr country

Hayes of Florida A&M, the country's fastest sprinter (SI, May 18), went west with the intention of establishing a benchmark at 200 meters for the Olympic Games. His procession of 9.1-second 100-yard dashes make him the best at the shorter distance, so Coach Dick Hill decided to hold him out of all but the 200 meters at the Coliseum.

The 200 meters, however, is where Henry Carr operates. Carr has a butter-scotch skin and a bittersweet temperament. A year ago on the same track he lost the 200 to Hayes in a fighting finish. He said this was certainly no grudge match, however, and that anybody who thought so was imagining things—although no one said anything about a grudge until he did.

"I'm no crybaby," said Carr, sound-

ing suspiciously like one, "but Robert gave me an elbow here last year—not intentional, but he runs that way, you know, with his elbows out, and I believe that's what beat me."

While Hayes waited, pacing the sidelines, Carr ran the 100 meters and finished second to Grambling's Richard Sebbins. It was very close. Carr said he thought he won that one, too, but pointed out that he was no crybaby.

Then he took on Hayes at 200 meters—a fully rested Bob Hayes. In the starting lanes Hayes hopped up and down, "Cold, man, I'm cold," he said. Warmed-up Henry Carr stood still and solemn, looking dead ahead. At the start Carr had a slight edge, but lost it within 20 yards. Hayes moved two yards in front and held there all the way around the turn to the head of the straightaway. Here Hayes tightened, and Carr caught him. The Arizona State junior is lean and long-legged at 6 feet 3, 185 pounds, and his stride is superior. Ahead to stay, he won impressively in 20.6.

"I'm stronger than Robert at that distance," said Carr in the infield. "He's better at 100 yards. I'd be satisfied if he won a gold medal at his distance and I won one at mine. He could stay off my back and I'd stay off his."

A medal of some kind at Tokyo is really the only thing that keeps Carr running. "I don't have any love for track," he said. "It's a means to no end. It's not like other sports that give you a chance to make some money after."

Somebody said he sounded like a young man who knew exactly what he did not want in life.

"I know I don't want to be poor," said Carr. "I come from a bad-side, hard-luck section of Detroit, the kind you don't walk into unless you know somebody. I know I don't want my family living in that kind of poverty. I'm married now. Six weeks. Glenda and I were high school sweethearts, and she makes me study. I've got to think about a future for us. Maybe a'll be pro football, after the Olympics, if I get a good enough offer." Carr plays halfback for Arizona State. He has another year of eligibility.

Later, in the Coliseum press box upstairs, a friend of Carr threw a congratulatory arm over his shoulders. "Good boy, Henry," said the friend. "I won money on you, Baby."

Carr grinned wryly. "See that?" he said. "I win and he makes money. See what I mean?"

END



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I was in Evian-les-Bains. "Is it your right hip you've strained?" the doctor asked. I nodded. There was nothing more wrong with my right hip than with any other part of me at the age of 65, but the day before I had been round to see the thermal baths. I had been shown the various kinds of spray to which the human carcass can be subjected, sideways, downwards, upwards, in showers, in fountains, in narrow jets, including one in which you are hosed through wire netting so as to be spared the full frenzy of the douche. There were massages under water and massages with currents of electricity shot through the water; there was a gymnasium, crowded like a fairground, with bicycles, rowboats, trapezes and electrically motivated saddles. Finally I was conducted into a kind of kitchen where a chef of sorts was stirring a caldron of hot, thick, charcoal-colored paste made from a dark gray powder that had been shipped in paper bags from Italy and mixed with water. This, I was informed, was a mud bath. "I've got to try that," I thought. That was why I was reporting a strained hip.

The doctor scribbled on a piece of paper and I was led into a cabin fitted with a narrow couch. While I changed into a warmed linen robe a couple of attendants brought in a wide canvas apron on which had been spread a thick layer of steaming mud. A thermometer projected from this goo. "Too hot," they told me. I gazed at the mess, gloatingly. How often as a schoolboy had I not longed to wallow in warm mud! At last I was bidden to lie down, an apron was folded round me and held tight with towels. A blanket was gathered under my neck. The mud clung to me. I luxuriated in its heat and wished that I had complained about my left hip too. Perhaps I would tomorrow. "Back in half an hour," the attendant

said, I closed my eyes. I have rarely felt more at peace. The mud cooled slowly. It clung, it caressed, it soothed me. When I walked out into the casino gardens an hour later I felt five years younger. All over Europe, I thought, this is how footballers restore their exhausted muscles at the end of a hard season. I had clearly found the answer to one of the questions with which I had set out upon this trip. I had given myself a congenial assignment—to discover what part the spas play in the life of the modern sportsman and what part sport plays in the life of the modern spa.

I visited seven spas. Montecatini was the first on my list. I called upon the man in charge. "I can answer the first part of your question easily," he said, "and shortly. I have just written a paper on the subject. Sportsmen have two kinds of trouble that they come here to cure. First, there is the physical damage that they get from the particular sport they practice—the footballer's knees and muscles, the tennis elbow, the cyclist's buttocks, the cricketer's shoulder blades. These are occupational hazards; massage and mud baths take care of them. In addition, to maintain their strength, athletes often follow a deleterious diet. Footballers, for instance, eat too much meat and too many eggs. Their livers become congested, and that is why our waters, which are hot and saline and have a powerful purgative effect, are so popular with footballers. Those are the physical troubles that bring athletes here. But," he continued, "in addition to the special ailments related to the particular games they play, there is the mental strain imposed by continued exhaustion; a toxic condition of the blood becomes mixed with a psychic depression. This can be exceedingly debilitating. A number of Italian football clubs send

continued

THE SPAS: GOO, GOLF AND GAMES

A British novelist and essayist who reveres tranquillity takes a tour of Europe's historic health resorts and learns that a new emphasis on sport is now a part of the old water cures

by ALEC WAUGH

Grassmere to behold but wondrous to undergo, the hot mud bath is one of the most famous and favored of the treatments still available.





their men here at least once a year simply to have them lead a steady, balanced life, away from publicity, newspaper reporters and criticism. They need good, simple food, sleep, relaxation." He paused. "To relax," he added, "is as important as the cure itself."

I was soon to discover that relaxation—the *cure de détente*, as the French say—is now the foremost objective of the spa, and the role of sport is becoming increasingly important in attaining this objective.

This is a new, postwar development. A hundred years ago the popularity of the spa coincided with the birth of international society. Major railways had begun operating, travel had become safe and easy, wars were fewer, brief and circumscribed, and for the first time in the history of the world it was possible for Russian dukes, American millionaires, French and Italian counts, British aristocrats and Balkan royalty to get to know each other, to meet "off parade" in fashionable playgrounds. Most of this assemblage was rich and idle, and all of it was self-indulgent. When Albert Edward, Prince of Wales was the first gentleman of Europe, his cronies, after a summer-long absorption of gargantuan banquets, would repair their distended livers in the spas. Marmenbad and Homburg were the Victorian equivalent of the Roman *vomitorium*.

All that is over now: the days of gluttony are past, and the class that created that way of life is as extinct as the dodo. But the new privileged orders of our day—the bankers, the industrialists, the expense-account tycoons—have their own "self-inflicted wounds," their ulcers, their breakdowns, their nerve storms that are the products of the pressure under which they force themselves to live, wounds which they allay in the same places as the Victorians but in ways that are very different.

Their maladies are mental rather than physical, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that their physical condition has been determined by a mental state. In consequence, every care is taken to insure their peace of mind. Italy is

a noisy country, but in Montecatini between midnight and 7 in the morning and in the afternoon between 2 and 4 motorcycles are not allowed in the thermal area. Vitell is even more insistent on the need for quiet. No cars of any description are permitted at any time. The curists recline in soundproof cubicles, with cushions subtly arranged under their necks and elbows, while nurses whisper to them till they fall asleep. "It isn't hypnotism," the doctor tells me. "Hypnotism is a word one must avoid. But it is a kind of hypnotism all the same."

The Vitell cure lasts three weeks, 21 days having an arbitrary ritual significance in France. Marie Antoinette, so legend has it, was warned by her doctors against taking baths during her menstrual period, so Louis XVI ordered that the spas must manage to achieve their cures within three weeks. Evian has, however, broken with tradition in establishing a nine-day course for exhausted executives. It starts on a Saturday morning and ends on the following Monday week. "In nine days," one of the doctors told me, "a man should be able to recharge his batteries." Evian lies on Lake Geneva, and each cure includes two three-hour yacht trips on the lake during which complete silence is maintained while the patients read and sip the waters.

Two thousand years ago the Romans discovered the therapeutic properties of the waters, but apart altogether from their basic qualities, the routine of baths and massage contribute enormously to the curists' peace of mind.

In Vichy I took a two weeks' reducing diet. I did not particularly need to lose any weight, but as I was going straight from the spa to a French liner I felt that I should be able to enjoy more amply the excellences of *la grande cuisine* if I arrived on board underweight. So, with medical supervision, I put myself on a regimen essentially composed of thyroid, potassium and the local waters. In addition, I was massaged every morning—the *douche de Vichy*.

Under a cascade of water two gladiators kneaded every inch of me, forcing my limbs into positions they had not occupied for 30 years. At first it was mildly painful, but within a week I was immune and flexible. After the massage they anointed me with *eau de cologne*, rubbing it in with a rough glove. I do not know how much their ministrations contributed to the eventual loss of seven and a quarter pounds—by no means a negligible drop for a small and relatively temperate man—that I achieved in spite of the daily consumption of the meat meals and a liter of red wine, but I do know how blissfully refreshed I felt as I walked back each morning to my hotel, my skin redolent and tingling.

But these cures are far from being ones of idleness and leisure. The programs of the spas have a very active side. "There is no relaxation without distraction," the syllabus insists, and where better can you be distracted than on a golf course or a tennis court, in a swimming pool, on water skis or on a horse? One of the directors at Divonne explained his policy. "The great thing," he said, "is that the curist should be able to get his relaxation and distraction with a minimum of effort on his part. Everything here lies within a confined area. Two or three times a week, or every morning if he wants, he will have a bath and massage. That will tone up his muscles. The golf course is a few yards up the hill, the lake is a few yards down it, the tennis courts are on the hotel grounds. He will spend his morning in some form of sport. He will have a good lunch. After it he will be drowsy. A nap after lunch is an essential feature of the cure. There is a long chair on the balcony of his bedroom, there are long chairs under the trees. By 4 o'clock he will be in the mood for whatever he missed that morning—golf if he went on the lake, sailing or the swimming pool if he shot his 18 holes. Everything is near at hand. In a way, it is like being on a liner, and nothing is more relaxing than a long sea voyage. In the evening it is again like being on a liner. There is something

continued

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GOO AND GAMES

different every night: a concert, a ballet, an opera, a gala. And of course there is always the casino."

The supreme importance of sport is recognized by every spa. In Vittel, where I made a short flight over the thermal area, I could have been looking down on a large country club. There were tennis courts, a golf course, a racecourse and a polo field. There were shooting ranges, and a brick-red section had been laid out for the French form of bowls.

"This doesn't look like a kind of hospital," I said.

"It isn't meant to," my guide answered. "People are cured quicker with the daily encouragement of playing some game a little better."

The golf courses, it seemed to me, might have been designed with this end in view. I looked at them all—though I play the game no more. They are beautifully situated, with rolling tree-lined fairways, and at Divonne, Aix and Baden-Baden they are backed by mountains. They present interesting problems to the low-handicap player, yet they do not seem to be insuperably difficult for the high-handicap man, who creates his own problems by slicing, hooking and topping. I asked the vice-president at Aix if this was so.

"Precisely," he said. "We don't want to depress a player."

I saw his point. I had been a 16-handicap man myself, and I played much of my golf between the wars at Prince's Sandwich. That was too difficult a links. The bunkers were so cavernous that you had to blast your way out backward, and they were so capriciously disposed that a quite reasonable shot would land in one. Hole by hole, my depression would deepen and grow blacker, transcending the boundaries of irritation, rising into the black deserts of a universal Heidegger. My ineffectiveness as a golfer symbolized my ineffectiveness as a man. A ball slightly sliced would curve into a crevasse and I would address to myself a sweeping jeremiad. "Not only are you contemptible as a golfer, but you are a feeble writer, an unstable husband, a casual parent, an unworthy subject of the crown, another

round nearer the grave." I would think as I dragged my footsteps along the 18th fairway. A links like Prince's would not contribute to the *cure de dévotion*.

It is very different at Aix and Evian, at Vittel, Vichy and Baden-Baden. I can imagine myself 10 years ago, on a late summer evening, walking complacently to the clubhouse on the Divonne course. The Jura Mountains would lie behind me, the Alps would stretch ahead, the air would be both fresh and warm. "I was a little unlucky today," I'd think. "Tomorrow I'll break 90."

Golf and tennis are the sports that you would expect to find at any holiday resort, but the spas throw their net far wider. Divonne, which has been built largely since 1939, provides a significant example of what is required of the modern spa. Five years ago only a few people had even heard of it. Then a wealthy syndicate decided to turn this modest station on the Swiss border into a first-class modern spa. They rebuilt the casino, the golf course and the main hotel, and they created an entire lake. The figures involved are eloquent. The lake covers a surface of about 4,800 square yards. It is 500 yards long and is 11½ feet deep. Two million cubic feet of soil were moved. Every form of boating except speedboat racing can be practiced there. The lake is bounded by a road 1½ miles long that can be used for automobile racing. Two horse racing tracks, one for flat racing and one for trotting, are adjacent.

Aix has on a lake, "Le Lac" of Lamar-tine's most famous poem, it was at Aix that Lumartine met and courted the beautiful and doomed Elvire, and the spa has exploited to the full the lake's potentialities. Part of it is reserved for water skiing without a speed limit. There is a slalom course, 330 yards long and 33 wide. There is water skiing from helicopters. Evian has made equally good use of Lake Geneva.

Vichy is known in France as The Queen of Spas. She was Louis Napoleon's favorite, and the ironwork arcade that runs round the inner park was constructed so that the Empress Eugénie could walk from the casino to the pump rooms without getting wet. Vichy

continues



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GOO AND GAMES *continued*

offers about every sport except badminton and cricket. Ais is her only rival in diversity of facilities. There is a riding school. There are archery and fencing. There are live and clay pigeon shooting, with machines that have 30 patterns for projecting the saucers, sending them flying at different angles, heights and speeds. Vichy is becoming increasingly a rendezvous for championships. For several years it has staged the finals of the Gales lawn tennis cup. A five-year plan for the enlargement of the Allier River was finished last summer and an international water skiing championship was held there. Vichy, indeed—probably more than any other spa—is constantly endeavoring to extend its sporting frontiers. Its rivers are rich in trout and salmon, and the local fishing societies have offered their facilities to tourists. There is excellent game—partridge and woodcock—and the local hunting societies are also ready to share their privileges with visitors. What Vichy has done is symptomatic of the trend to convert such spa-hospitals into sports resorts. The appeal is to the healthy as much as to the sick. Once sport was regarded as complementary to the cure, as a part of the cure. The modern tendency is to regard the cure as complementary to the sport.

At the end of the sporting day there is the casino, and that does not simply mean gaming tables. It is a wide, low building with domes and towers that you find at every spa. It is usually set behind terraces and is surrounded by elaborate gardens. The casino is the music, the chairs under the trees, the strolls between the flowerbeds, the candelabra in the high-ceilinged restaurant, the gala nights, the favors and confetti, the ro-coco theater with its royal box.

For me, Baden-Baden is the epitome of the word casino. I was there for Whitsun. The full season had not begun, but on the Saturday there was an international dance competition that was a luxurious occasion. The stairway of the casino, decked with rhododendrons and hydrangeas, was lined with comely girls in scarlet uniforms, which they kept changing during the evening as they carried the judge's messages to the contest

continued



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officials. The boxes were bright with flowers, and the clothes were of the most formal fashion. "We insist on elegance," the director said. "And we should. We have the setting for it."

Indeed they have. It is over a hundred years since Turgenev chose Baden-Baden as the scene for one of the world's loveliest novels. *Smoker*, and the town has not greatly altered since Queen Victoria strolled under the willows and chestnuts of the Lichtentaler Allee beside the shallow, trout-filled Oos. The new buildings and hotels are in the background, and the gardens lining the river can have looked little different to the Queen's eldest son and to her brash, impetuous, imperious nephew. Nor can the short, wide avenue, with its smart shops on either side, that leads to the casino, nor the Kurhaus itself, low and long, with its white columns, soft lawns and promise of renewed health. It has, all of it, the air of the mid-19th century. The theater is a delicious period piece, French baroque in red and gold, with galleries and boxes, while the casino enshrines the spirit of La Belle Epoque, with its domed roof, its silk-lined walls, its immense candelabra, its clocks and tassels, its murals, its fountain, its statues and its Pompadour Room, which has a portrait of the Pompadour above a long, curved sofa in an alcove where on Saturday and Sunday nights real gold and silver counters are in use.

It is appropriate that the day which has been spent arduously under the restraints of a diet, in the rehabilitation of injured limbs in the gymnasium, in the regeneration of tired muscles under massage, in the relaxing of jaded nerves upon the golf course, should be rounded off with gilt and glitter. The sportsman deserves and demands "the bright glow of after-battle wine." Sport and gambling have always gone hand in hand.

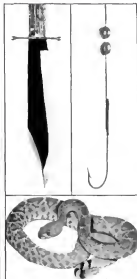
I am not a gambler myself. I prefer to squander such money as I have on other things, on "airline tickets to romantic places," on "the shaded lights of little corner tables" and on soft glances across such tables. But I have spent many hours in gambling rooms, a fascinated onlooker. For me their dramatic content never stakes with use, the

magic is undimmed across 40 years, the ritual is the same. There it stretches, the empty green baize cloth, marked into numbered squares by yellow lines. Two croupiers with their banks are beside the wheel, another croupier is at the table's foot. A voice intones, "*Mesdames, messieurs, faites vos jeux.*" And in 30 seconds the squares are studded with multicolored counters that the croupiers are guiding and adjusting into place. It is hard to believe that this is not a nursery game, hard to recognize that those counters represent real money, that several thousand dollars are at stake.

"*Les jeux sont faits.*" The voice has a minatory tone, like the last "All passengers ashore!" There is a final flutter of rash daring, then, like the voice of doom, "*Rien ne va plus.*" and the little white ball is careering round the slope of the revolving wheel. There is tense silence as it hesitates over two slots, then the voice again, "*Cinq.*" And you think, "Had I known that 60 seconds ago I could have solved so many problems." That is one of the fascinations of roulette: the knowledge that half one's problems can be solved in half a minute on that green baize cloth. And there, too, are the croupiers raking in the unsuccessful stakes, sparing the few lucky counters. It is like Judgment Day.

Baccarat-chemin de fer is no less dramatic, though in a different way. It is more intimate, the stakes are higher, there are few players and they are more serious than those at the roulette wheel—never mind the minor players who try their chance once or twice and then move to the bar. If you once seriously sit down to baccarat, you stay on there for quite a while. Play is faster than roulette, and provides the added stimulation of not depending solely upon chance.

I love to watch the faces of gamblers. How much does the losing or winning mean to them? One looks, but one learns little. The faces round a roulette table are usually expressionless. A baccarat table is more like a club: the players seem to know each other, there are jokes and banter, and each coup is a duel be-

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GOO AND GAMES *continued*

tween two players. But even here there are no signs of triumph and disappointment. It would be as bad form to show that a loss was serious as it would be for a golfer to break his putter if the ball failed to drop. Gambling should be treated like a game, and that, I think, is how the majority of big gamblers do treat it. They love it for its own sake. The money involved is secondary.

Elderly women are constant attendants at the tables. They are very different from the drab figures you see at the minimum-rate tables in Monte Carlo, with their systems, their paper and their pencils, adding by the industrious exercise of patience a weekly dollar or two to their meager pensions. The women of the spas are rich and solitary, and this is their final hobby. Through an early evening at Vichy I watched such a one, in her late 70s. She was huddled in a black silk coat. She was beringed. She was pale-skinned and heavily made up. She was playing adventurously. She never spoke except to make a bid for a card, but occasionally a canonic smile would flicker across her mouth.

I saw her later in the restaurant. She was reflected for me in a mirror. She had one of the four best tables in the room. The maître d'hôtel treated her with deference. She ordered caviar, which was a \$6 addition to the menu, and a half bottle of champagne, then followed the caviar with a light omelet. She ate slowly, without gusto. No expression crossed her face as she sipped her wine, but half an hour later, back at the tables, there was that flicker of a smile once again.

Not all the casinos make money, and several of them do not need to. Evian, Vittel and Vichy are daily selling so many hundreds of thousands of bottles of their waters that they can afford a loss on their tables. Disonne, on the other hand, has no water to sell, and at the moment the tables are its most lucrative sideline. Disonne is luckily located, Geneva is a beautiful and prosperous city, but its residents do not have much fun. They welcome a frivolous distraction half an hour's drive away. One of the directors gave me his recipe for success. "You must have your restaurant in the same town as your tables, and you must

continued



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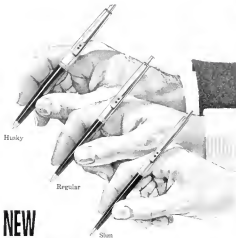
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GOO AND GAMES *continued*

insure that it is a first-class restaurant."

He has certainly seen to that. When I sat down at his table, he offered me not an à la carte but the table d'hôte menu. It was a six-course meal, starting with a choice between asparagus, smoked ham and Persian caviar. And it was an 18-franc (\$3.60) meal.

"This is more than a dinner. It is a banquet," I told my host.

He smiled, "It needs to be," he said. "It is the bait for the big-money players. We lose on it, but look what we are making at the tables."

The baccarat and roulette tables were crowded. There was not a stool vacant at the bar. The women were elegant, the men debonaire. "There are worse ways of spending money," my host said, "and that is part of the cure, you know—enjoyment."

Even if the gaming tables are not well patronized, they are important as the shop window of the spa. The casino is a status symbol, and the hotels are graded by its quality. Yet its success can be a cause of concern to the authorities. A tourist resort can be damaged by becoming associated with its tables to the exclusion of its other amenities. Solid citizens, members of the Establishment, chairmen of boards, presidents of banks, become chary of going there. Their colleagues and their shareholders suspect their stability. Income tax inspectors become inquisitive. This happened to Monte Carlo. A man could go to Nice or Cannes for any one of a dozen reasons. To Monte Carlo he would only go to gamble. Monte Carlo has now realized this, and is plugging a princely assortment of sporting attractions. Di-vonne realized it in time. Next year its lake will be in full operation and will be the main target of its publicity. Di-vonne will present itself as a resort that offers health not only through its cures but through the facilities that it offers for every kind of sport. This is the new look of the modern spas. Their motto: "Have a good time."

FOR SPA TRAVEL FACTS
TURN TO PAGE 103



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EUROPEAN SPA TRAVEL FACTS

What a creature is man, that he can parlay rheumatism, gout and fidgety livers, treated with purgatives and mud, into elegance! Of course, the oyster, feeling itchy, parlays feeling itchy into a pearl; perhaps we are only feeling, so to speak, in the footsteps of the oyster.

The ballrooms, candelabra, shaded lamps and gold and silver counters on canteen tables of French and German spas are elaborations upon the simple theme of "watering place," and among the elaborations, in France, are excellent restaurants. The Frenchman with a liver that has overexerted itself exposes it to terrible temptations at French spas.

FRANCE. Vichy, near the Auvergne and the Loire château country, is three and a half hours from Paris by train or an hour by air. A week's room and board can run as little as \$35 in a family hotel, if you choose to spend \$16 a day at the Pavillon Servigné or \$20 a day at the Carlton (full persons); you are, paradoxically, in danger of additional bills for extras in the restaurants and the bars. This summer, while parents repair their livers at Vichy, young people may improve their minds with courses in French conversation, art, civilization and culture.

Aix-les-Bains is five and a half hours out of Paris or one hour from Geneva by train. The thermal baths are open all year round, but the casino is not. The high season at Aix is from June 1 through August. Hotel rates are comparable to those at Vichy, and in addition to such reasonable and restorative activities as golf, tennis, skeet shooting, sailing and horse racing, there are gliders.

Evian-les-Bains, on Lake Geneva, is six or seven hours by train from Paris or an hour by bus from Geneva. The casino is open all year round. Again, one may stay in a family hotel for \$35 or \$40 a week or, for \$20 to \$25 a day, in the Royal, the Splendide, La Verrière or the Parc. Those who stay in the latter will be pleased to know that Evian specializes in Executive Fatigue.

Vittel, in the Vosges Mountains, five hours by train from Paris, has a short season. July and August are the best months, and rates compare to those of Vichy and Evian. Vittel has polo and pigeon shooting and a casino.

Divonne-les-Bains is in France, but only 10 miles from Geneva, in the foothills of the Jura. Divonne boasts the most flourishing of the French spas, and its waters are supposed to be splendid for affectionate nervous, a happy combination.

GERMANY. Baden-Baden is the most famous of Germany's many spas. It lies on the river Oos on the edge of the Black For-

est, and has a small airport of its own though it is really more convenient to go by air to a nearby city and drive to Baden-Baden. With its very social racing season and motor rallies, its casino and sporting opportunities, Baden-Baden has not lost sight of its original raison d'être. The springs are the hottest in Europe, some 150° Fahrenheit, and it is claimed that they will "relieve and heal" rheumatism, arthritis, neuralgia, neuritis, paralytic conditions, nervous exhaustion, brain and spinal diseases, sports injuries, damage to the body through overwork, heart and circulatory disorders, war wounds, old age, chronic catarrh, chronic bronchitis and gynecological disorders. It might seem that a person afflicted with one or a combination of these difficulties would not be too demanding in the matter of, say, ballrooms, but ballrooms are provided, nonetheless. Accommodations at the better hotels at Baden-Baden run around \$5 to \$9 and \$10 to \$17 a day for a single room with bath and full board, and there are dozens of inns and guesthouses.

Also famous are the German spas of Wiesbaden, Bad Nauheim, Bad Kissingen, Bad Ems and Bad Homburg. Wiesbaden's casino is one of Germany's largest, and its sporting events rival Baden-Baden's in social importance. Bad Nauheim has no casino, but one can attend concerts three times a day. Bad Kissingen has a casino and special mud; Bad Ems has no casino but is good for asthma; and Bad Homburg is very pretty.

Germany, for all the elegance of the major spas such as Baden-Baden, has more small, simple and peaceful ones than any other country in Europe. If your weary liver lacks willpower and should not be tempted at Vichy, Divonne or Baden-Baden, you could take it to one of the smaller German spas for a little peace and quiet. Bad Pyrmont, Bad Oeynhausen, Bad Wildungen and Bad Tölz are among the larger of the small spas. None of them has a casino; they have golf and tennis and horseback riding and concerts and marionette shows and views. And, of course, springs. Bad Tölz recommends itself to people suffering from heart and circulatory disorders and chronic exhaustion, and the chronically exhausted should be cheered to learn that hotel rates range from \$2.50 to \$7 a day, including pension, which is about standard.

ENGLAND. The spas of England, Bath especially, were fashionable and gay in the 18th century. Hearts were broken and money was flung about with enthusiasm and style, but England's spas today are not

continued



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GOO AND GAMES

what one could call frivolous, though the Bath Festival for 10 days each June recaptures the gusto of the 18th century. Bath has reminders of elegance past, chiefly architectural, but for amusement present it recommends the beauty of its Abbey and the Royal Crescent, and it is businesslike about The Cure, no cure without a doctor's prescription, and, if you are British, you are advised to make your arrangements, unobtrusively enough through the National Health Service. There is a small casino in Bath, but it is mentioned in the brochures rather as an afterthought, not being as much fun, apparently, as the Roman ruins or Wookey Hole, the earliest known cave dwelling in Britain. Bath is in Somerset, two hours by train from Paddington Station in London, and rates are in the vicinity of 30 shillings a day (\$4.15), though with a little effort and application you can pay more.

Dorchester is a bric-a-brac in the Midlands, near Stratford-on-Avon. There are facilities for golf and tennis, and bowling greens, dances and concerts. At the Chateau Impney one can play chemin de fer and roulette, and the Brine Pools are so briny that one can "walk around without the feet touching the bottom of the swimming bath." The glossy, thorough brochure imparting this information also lists for visitors the light industries of Deutewich, such as the Nu-Way Heating Plants Ltd. and the Barton Rivel Company Ltd., so no traveler to Dorchester need go about feeling bored. Dorchester is three hours from London, and its rates are in the area of \$6.20 a day for a single room with bath and breakfast, \$8.75 for a double.

Royal Leamington, designated "royal" in consequence of a visit by Queen Victoria in 1838, is another no-nonsense spa, this one located in Warwickshire, 87 miles and two hours from Paddington by train. Brochures instruct visitors gravely as to the location of the shopping center, the library, the art galleries and places of worship; there are two nightclubs, with gambling, if you have run through the 58,000 books in the library. Leamington is open all year round, but the high season, as elsewhere, is midsummer, and prices are comparable to those of Bath and Dorchester.

ITALY. Like England, Italy is basically more earnest than elegant about her spas. There is a photograph in one brochure of a woman sprawled in a chair in the sun, a newspaper over her head, which calls to mind the determined relaxers of New York's Central Park rather than the *vogue* ladies of the gaming tables in Vichy. An instructive pamphlet, *The Mineral Waters of Montecatini*, tells you a great deal about the mineral waters of Montecatini and, under the sub-heading "Characteristics of The Montecatini Mud," a great deal about mud. Montecatini mud is virgin mud, and is mineralized

(continued)

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GOOD AND GAMES *continued*

for a year. Montecatini is Italy's largest spa, about four hours by car from Milan or Rome. It averages 1.4 million overnight visitors during the season. There is no casino. Nightclub entertainment is provided, but guests are often so worn by diligent pursuit of The Cure that they are not too entertained. Hotel rates in Montecatini range from \$24 a day full board at the Grand Hotel La Pace to \$5 a day in considerably more modest establishments.

The second largest spa in Italy is Salsomaggiore at the foot of the Apennines near Parma, and its waters are reputed to be good for the various ills that female flesh is heir (or hearse) to. It lies two hours from Milan and five from Rome by train, and hotel rates run \$12 to \$22 a day at the Grande Albergo Milano, or \$9 to \$15 a day at the merely first-class hotels, full board included.

At Chiaramonte, just an hour out of Rome by train or car, the waters are said to do wonders for your bile duct. The first-class hotels are only \$6 to \$8 a day. There is no casino, but one can ride and play golf.

The smallest but smartest of Italy's spas is in the village of Lacco Ameno on the island of Ischia, which is reached by boat from Naples. Lacco Ameno has one hotel with 70 rooms. A single, if you can wangle one, will cost you \$20 a day, not including mud. Curative baths are \$4 apiece or \$40 for 12, and underwater mud massage is an extra costing \$3 a fling.

SPAIN. The situation in Spain is quite different for the spa hunter. Spas exist, but Spain has never considered them of interest to visitors. They are off the probable tourist routes, offer little in the way of entertainment and are apt to be not only provincial but family affairs. Possible exceptions are Arcoñeta in the province of Murcia, Panticosa in the Pyrenees, Solares in Santander, and Alhama de Aragon, on the main Madrid-Barcelona railway line. There are six hotels in Alhama, and prices are as low as \$2.25 and \$3.50 a day, not including board.

PORTUGAL. The thermal stations in Portugal are unpretentious and old-fashioned. In Curia, which can be reached from Oporto, there are five hotels and eight boarding-houses, the most expensive of which sits as high as \$8 a day. Monforninho, near the Spanish border, is very fashionable and there are two good hotels and six pensions; you can spend as much as \$6 a day at the Hotel Foz de Santa. For amusement one promenades, regarding the old chateaux, or fishes or plays tennis in the park.

The spas of England are businesslike, the spas of Spain and Portugal are sleepy. They lack the dash of a Vichy or Baden-Baden, but one cannot help but think it must be easier in those countries to keep that poor liver out of harm's way.

END



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She Knocks Them into the Kitchen

Shuffleboard Champion Mae Hall wins by cutting down opponents' scores while building up her own
by REX LARDNER

Mae Hall, a trim, brown-haired, rosy-checked, blue-eyed woman in her early 50s, is known in the rather special world of competitive shuffleboard as the Babe Didrikson of the game. A particularly good shuffleboard play is often referred to as "a Mae Hall shot," and when Mae practices at the St. Petersburg Shuffleboard Club at Mirror Lake, large

crowds swarm around to watch her play.

This season Mrs. Hall won eight of the 10 singles tournaments she entered and was runner-up in the other two. Included in her victories were the National Winter Singles, for the seventh time, the Full Moon Singles, the Masters and, for the sixth time, the Florida State title. She also took the Kow Kapital Women's Doubles, with Bess Henderson as her partner (Kissimmee, Fla. is the Kow Kapital), and finished fourth in the President's Trophy Mixed Doubles. Her husband Herbert, who makes the bamboo cues she uses, was her partner. Last year Mrs. Hall won the National Women's Doubles with Mrs. Henderson and finished third in the Fun 'n Sun Mixed Doubles with Herbert. (Clearwater, Fla. is the Fun 'n Sun city.)

In her 14-year career of serious shuffleboard, Mrs. Hall has won 46 singles tournaments out of 76 entered—more than anyone in the game—and has been runner-up 18 times. She has also been captain of the All-America Shuffleboard

Team and has five times been Champion of Champions champion. She has finished at the top of the *St. Petersburg Times* "Roll of Champions"—a semi-official ranking of Florida shuffleboarders based on tournament records—for the past seven years. One year she tied for first with her archrival, Mrs. Mary Sealine.

The residents of St. Petersburg, the Sunshine City, take their shuffleboard seriously. It is the national game of Florida, and St. Petersburg, with more than 10,000 players and more than 200 courts, is the shuffleboard capital of the world. The St. Petersburg Shuffleboard Club is by far the world's largest, with 4,200 members and 107 courts. Ten of the top 11 lady players in Florida belong to the St. Petersburg club, and this year all four National Winter Singles titles—men's, women's, men's senior and women's senior—were won by residents of St. Petersburg.

Apart from social games, the city holds closed tournaments for persons 60 or older, nonwalking tournaments (for per-

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Shuffleboard Queen *continued*

sons who don't like to walk from one end of the court to the other), tournaments for "experts" (the professionals of the game) and playoff tournaments, where the men's winner and the women's winner fight it out for the universal championship.

St. Petersburgers also are avid readers of shuffleboard news. Last year, when the *St. Petersburg Times* decided, for reasons of space, to cut down its shuffleboard coverage, 2,500 distraught shuffleboarders petitioned for more lineage. The *Times* capitulated. There also are a shuffleboard annual in which fans can read about the year's triumphs and disasters and a book of instructions that contains shuffleboard problems.

Shuffleboard—once banned in New England in the 1840s because there was too much belting on it—is a somewhat less active sport than Indian leg wrestling, but at the tournament level it requires a sound sense of tactics, extreme accuracy in placing the disks and on occasion a good deal of explosive energy. The game, believe it or not, can be dangerous. "Board-cleaners," the Mickey Mantles of the sport, shoot so hard in clearing opponents' disks that the disks sometimes break into pieces and go hurtling all over the place. The leg of one scorekeeper was cracked by a board-cleaner's disk in a recent St. Petersburg tournament, and Mrs. Hall herself was once whacked in the ankle by a wild disk from a nearby court.

Tournament tempers are not always the most placid. In last month's Masters Tournament in St. Petersburg, one player got so incensed by a referee's call that he stormed to the tournament director's hooch and swung at an official.

Block and hide

The game has its own esoteric vocabulary. A "block" is a disk placed on the court so that it interferes with a straight shot by one's opponent; a "hide" is a disk protected by a block. When a disk enters the 10-off area, it is said to be "in the kitchen." One of Mae Hall's specialties is knocking opponents' disks into the kitchen.

Like weekend golfers, shuffleboarders hesitate to psych their opponents when the competition is close. Mrs. Hall, normally a calm player, gets upset when an opponent stands alongside and slowly jiggles her cue as Mae is about to shoot. Clearing the throat or slowly

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moving forward within the shooter's vision are other popular practices on the courts. Loud humming by an opponent is sure to distract Herbert Hall. "Men, however, are generally more considerate than women," says Mrs. Hall.

Herbert, who gets quite tense when his wife is in a tournament, once nearly cost Mae a championship. In the finals of the nationals four years ago in Daytona Beach, Mae was about to shoot when a terrific clamor arose. On top of the clubhouse roof, trying to capture a runaway parakeet, perched Herbert. Brandishing a cage he happened to have with him (Herbert has a way with birds, and the Halls own a parakeet that talks to itself), he lured the bird inside as cheers and applause welled up from below. After Herbert had reached the ground, Mae relaxed and knocked two of her opponent's disks into the kitchen.

Successful start

The Halls started playing shuffleboard in 1946 while living in Colorado Springs, where they owned an apartment house. They were so intrigued by the geometry of the game that they stayed on the court for 10 straight hours the first time they played. Mae, who had never been interested in sports before, took some lessons from the local pro and, by constantly practicing such shots as the rolling block and the rolling kiss, rapidly became a first-rate player. She soon overtook Herbert, who had beat her at first, and in 1950 she became the Rocky Mountain singles champion by defeating Herbert in the finals 83-48, 81-4 (in shuffleboard 75 or more points is usually the winning score). Because of her knack for depositing opponents' disks into the 10-off space, Mae gave some competitors such a minus score while building up her own plus score that they quit and stormed off the court. "The men were worse sports than the women," Mae recalls.

Running out of western competition, the Halls moved to Miami in 1952, where Herbert went into real estate. Two years later Mae won her first national singles title. The Halls then moved to St. Petersburg, where they still reside. After another venture into real estate, Herbert retired from business. In 1960 he developed arthritis in his right arm and thought he would have to give up the game. But at Mae's urging he started to practice left-handed. For three months he shot most of his disks into the gutter. Finally his touch came back.

continued

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Shuffleboard Queen *continues*

and he reached the finals of the men's nationals, shooting southpaw.

Mae, who shoots with a firm wrist, a loose grip, a one-and-a-half-step approach and level shoulders at the point of release, believes her biggest victory came in 1962. After winning the *Towes-Mac Barber* women's tournament, she competed against Webster Smith, the men's champion, in a playoff for 100 silver dollars. Smith led 72-53 in the final. Three points away from victory, Smith, in trying to protect one of his disks that was in the 7 space, shot one that scooted all the way down the court and landed helplessly in the kitchen, reducing his score by 10. Mrs. Hall promptly slid a disk through the clutter into the 8 space, making the score 62-61, Smith's favor. In the next half round, with Smith having the all-important last shot, Mae managed to get a 7 to Smith's 8. Then, in what turned out to be the final half round, Smith skillfully landed *high* in the 10 space. The crowd began to shout. "Put him in! Put him in!"—meaning into the kitchen.

As Herbert watched tensely on the sidelines, Mae carefully launched a shot directly at Smith's disk. Hers, bumping his, came to a stop in the 10 space while Smith's skidded down into the 10-off. That won the game for Mae, 78-60. It was the first time a woman had beaten a man in the *Towes-Mac Barber* play-off.

Pressure player

Like any champion, Mae Hall produces her best shots under pressure. In last month's Masters she trailed in a critical match with Mary Sealise and was faced with a nearly impossible shot. "Mary had a 7 hid so I couldn't see it," she said recently. The Halls were in the living room of their cozy St. Petersburg home, which is filled with singles and doubles trophies. (About 50 more have spilled over into the garage.) "I ran past experience," Mae went on. "I knew the court had a drift that would make my disk curve after it slowed down. So I shot around the block, got rid of her 7 and took it into the kitchen."

"One of the best shots of the year," Herbert said. "The crowd went wild, and a lot of people waved Mae Hall dolls."

The Halls exchanged happy looks. Then Mae rose, seized her cue, handed Herbert his, and they hurried off to the club for some practice.

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

NATIONAL LEAGUE Seldom have the underdogs had such a rollicking good week. Landing in the clubhouse is his thermal underwear after his NEW YORK METS (4-3) had knocked the Giants out of the league lead, Casey Stengel let out a loud whoop. "He played for Stanford and his girl was here, so you gotta give him the college yell," Stengel bellowed. The man he was referring to was Bill Wakefield, 22, who saved a 4-2 win against the Giants in San Francisco. In one of the finest weeks in Met history, the club also helped shove the Braves out of the first division by whipping Warren Spahn 12-4. BOSTON (5-3) had fun, too. The Colts pressed the runway for the Giants' temporary aid out of first place, getting superb pitching by Dick Farrell, Ken Johnson, Bob Bruce and Hal Woodeshack to beat them three times. Then Farrell ended the Phillies' one-day stay in first place with a 4-3 win. **WALT BONDI**, Al Spangler and Rusty Staub (.400 BA) drove in 16 of the team's 21 runs. Jim Bunning led PHILADELPHIA (2-4) to its brief stay at the top. He beat the Cardinals 8-2, and then Dennis Bennett, using a new grip on his fast ball that Bunning had taught him, shut out the Colts. Beaten by the lowliest clubs, SAN FRANCISCO (2-5) went into the jump that annually follows its racehorse start. What crippled the Giants was their 207 batting. Even Willie Mays stopped hitting—after 30 straight games. What saved the Giants was a shutout by Juan Marichal and a 15th-inning home run by .218 hitter Jim Davenport that beat the Mets. Another lumping hitter, Julian Javier of St. Louis (5-2), won a game with a homer. Javier was setting .213 when he hit a three-run homer to beat the Phillies 3-2. Stuffing himself with vitamins given him by his doctor-brother, Javier later hit a grand slam, batted .500 and drove in a dozen runs, one-third of the Cardinal total. With Frank Robinson bat-

ting .500 and with Joe Nuxhall winning twice, once in a shutout against the Phillies, CINCINNATI (4-1) moved into the first division. Consecutive shutouts by Don Drysdale (his second win of the week) and Phil Ortega enabled LOS ANGELES (4-2) to have its best week of the year. Although bogged down by 11 errors and so-so pitching, PITTSBURGH split six games. Willie Stargell's run-producing hits won two of them. MILWAUKEE manager Bobby Bragan played a hunch, using rookie Roco Carby in place of the team's leading hitter, Lee Maye. It paid off, for Carby hit a two-run homer in a 2-0 win by Hank Fischer. Bragan's other hunches, including setting up a curfew, were futile. The Braves (2-5) lost their last four games, which is exactly what CHICAGO (2-5) did. Despite his troubles, Manager Bob Kennedy smiled when he went to the mound to remove Fred Norman, who had walked five of the eight Dodgers he had faced and had allowed four stolen bases. "Those fans," said Kennedy, "were yelling, 'How can you take him out? He's got a no-hitter going.'"

AMERICAN LEAGUE Like the Mets and Colts, the WASHINGTON SENATORS (4-3) beat two top teams. In their climb from the cellar to sixth place, the Senators pushed the White Sox from first to third and also prevented the Orioles from taking the lead. Supplying key hits were Don Zimmer (.355 and seven RIs), Mike Brumley (.422) and Chuck Houston (.407). Bennie Daniels won twice and Buster Narum, using a curve he learned from Robin Roberts, beat his former Oriole teammates with a four-hitter. BALTIMORE (6-2), however, was the winningest team in the majors. Milt Pappas and Dave McNally pitched shutouts and the Oriole staff held opponents to four runs and a .172 BA in six wins. Luis Aparicio stole five bases, giving him 14 and putting him two games ahead

of Maury Wills' 1962 pace. CLEVELAND, humiliated by two straight losses to the Yankees, got eight homers in its next five games, won them all and regained the league lead. General Manager Gabe Paul predicted the Yankee dynasty was nearing an end, but cautiously avoided saying who would end it. NEW YORK Manager Yogi Berra had cause to worry. A birthday greeting from President Lyndon Johnson cheered Berra, but could not budge the Yankees (3-3). Among the losses were an 11-0 clobbering by the A's and a 7-2 defeat by the Tigers on Yogi's 39th birthday. It was Mickey Lolich of Detroit (2-4) who beat the Yankees and saved another win against them. When Barry Latham shut out the A's 9-0 he became the second LOS ANGELES (2-6) pitcher to pitch a complete game this season. Manager Bill Rigney wondered if his starters were rushing to the clubhouse to use the special self-saluting device attached to his shower. No chance. Angel pitchers were just as inept on the road. They allowed 23 runs in three losses in Baltimore. Cuban newspapers, which usually ban all mention of Cubans in the major leagues, announced proudly that Tony Oliva of Pinar Del Rio and MINNESOTA was still hitting .400. The Twins coupled fine pitching by Camilo Pascual and Jim Kaat with 13 homers to win four of six. KANSAS CITY had only two home runs in seven road games, four of them losses. Only shutouts by Orlando Pena and Diego Segui kept the A's out of the cellar. Johnny Pesky, the BOSTON (2-5) manager, moaned about a lack of "thump." Last week his Red Sox had nine homers, but the big hits were singles, three in the ninth to tie the Twins and one in the 10th by Pitcher Dick Radatz to win the game. CHICAGO had a mere nine extra-base hits but with John Buzhardt pitching a shutout and Juan Pizarro a four-hit, 5-1 win, the White Sox won three of six.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

A year ago, when still in high school in San Bruno, Calif., Wally Bunker waited patiently for offers to sign with the Angels or Giants, the teams he most wanted to play for. Seventeen clubs made bids, but not the Angels or Giants. Disappointed, Bunker accepted a bonus from the Orioles for some \$45,000. Because the Angels would not pay the price for the young right-hander last summer, they were forced to pay it last week. Bunker beat them 5-1 with a four-hitter, his second win of the week and third in 11 days. Five days earlier he had defeated the Tigers 7-1 and on May 5 he held the Senators to one hit. Explaining Bunker's success, teammate Harvey Haddix says, "His fast ball has a

natural rise—the toughest pitch in the business." Although he does not yet know the names of some of the batters he faces, Bunker has the best ERA (0.67) in the majors. At 6 feet 2 and 160 pounds, he has already been nicknamed Bo because he looks like Bo Belinsky of the Angels. Despite his sudden transition from high school to the major leagues, Bunker, who is only 19, has not shed his boyishness. Of the pointed black boots he sometimes wears, he says, "They're my Mom Greek shoes." Then, raising his hands and clicking his fingers, he cries, "Flamenco!" Bunker is not averse to spending money on colorful clothes, yet when he called his parents to tell them about his one-hitter he reversed the charges. Mr. and Mrs. Bunker, unlike the Angels, were only too glad to pay up.



WALLY BUNKER: THE OTHERS MUST PAY

19TH THE READERS TAKE OVER

TIGER, TIGER

Sirs:

Congratulations on Jack Olsen's excellent article on Al Kaline (*The Tinnets of Excellence*, May 11), a man who deserves a better team than the Tigers. Say, the Yankees.

RON WALKER

Bay City, Mich.

Sirs:

If San Francisco got sick of Willie Mays, if Los Angeles got sick of Sandy Koufax and if Milwaukee got sick of Hank Aaron the way Detroit got fed up with Kaline, the National League would be as dull as the American. If Detroit can't bear him, the Orioles can always use him.

PHILIP ELSTICE

Lutherville, Md.

Sirs:

The part about Kaline's youth in Baltimore was ridiculous. After all, how many major leaguers didn't make sacrifices as youngsters and play in three or four games each weekend? As for the Detroit fans, they don't have any reason to be disenchanted with Kaline. Any team that has traded away as many good players and had as many manager changes as the Tigers have had over the last decade can't expect many winners.

Al Kaline is one of those outstanding ballplayers, like Robin Roberts and Ernie Banks, whose name only two, who happen to have the misfortune of being stuck on nothing better than a mediocre team. Trade Kaline to a contending team, give him an opportunity at a World Series and watch how fast his recent views on spring training, the owners and fans and the physical and emotional strains disappear.

KENNETH D. DRYDEN

Baltimore

Sirs:

General Manager Jim Campbell of the Tigers ought to have his head examined. If he isn't willing to accept Mays, Marichal and Cepeda for Kaline, the Tigers ought to trade Mr. Campbell for Horace Stoneham. If Stoneham were in Campbell's shoes he would probably be inclined to trade the whole Detroit ball club in exchange for Willie Mays—and the way Mays is hitting, the Tigers would be getting the better of it.

MARTIN JACOBS

Troy, N.Y.

Sirs:

If the Detroit fans dislike Al Kaline so much they can just give him a one-way airline ticket to Cincinnati.

RON HELM

Cincinnati

Sirs:

The Al Kaline story can be easily compared with the Roger Maris story. I'm sure that plenty of people thought that Maris was another Joe DiMaggio when he hit his 61 home runs. And look at Maris now! Same thing, isn't it?

MURDER BLOOM

Providence

Sirs:

It was a shock to me to hear that the people of Detroit had given up on Kaline. I can't help but feel that those people who have been booing him are just former Rocky Colavito fans who are sore over the fact that their superstar didn't make it with the Tigers. And now they are taking their disappointment out on the real star—Al Kaline. I'm glad to see that at least you people know what it takes to be a great ballplayer.

R. DUNCAN MACDONALD
Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

Only a nitwit could boo such a champion.
THOMAS SMITH
Tombawanda, N.Y.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

Sirs:

After reading *The Dances Dazzle Old Kentucky* (May 11), I have come to the conclusion that you Americans just can't take a beating from a Canadian, even a horse. You aren't as prejudiced as other American publications I have read, but you still had to make excuses for Hill Rise. Since you say that the Dancer ran a terrific race, why can't you just simply say, "He won?"

FRED CARON

Montreal, Que.

Sirs:

Once again Whitney Tower proved a Thoroughbred of the sportswriters. Not once did he brag about picking the winner of the Derby.

I like Mr. Tower, but my bookie hates him.

LARRY GARDEN

Brooklyn

Sirs:

Just out of curiosity I compared Tower's story of the Derby with his rating of the 2-year-olds last fall (Oct. 21). It is interesting to note that only five of the 26 horses he rated then ran in the Kentucky Derby and five ran in the Flamingo. It goes to show that a great 2-year-old will not necessarily become a great 3-year-old.

STACY B. RANKIN

Yellow Springs, Ohio

TWO AND TWO ARE THREE

Sirs:

I need some help in settling an argument over the age of the Kentucky Derby winner. My roommate says Northern Dancer is only 2 years old. I say he has to be 3 years old, because a 2-year-old can't run in the Derby. Who is right?

PETER SANDA

Cambridge, Mass.

● Actually there were two "2-year-olds" in this year's Derby running: Northern Dancer (see page 26) and Roman Brother. Both were foaled May 27, 1961, unusually late in the year for Thoroughbreds. Thus at Derby time each was 25 days short of his actual third birthday. But since the official birthday of every racehorse is January 1, both rated as 3-year-olds. Only one other "2-year-old" can claim a Derby victory in the last 30 years: Belair Stud's Johnstown, who won by eight lengths on May 6, 1939, which was 16 days before he reached the actual age of 3 years. Triple Crown Winner War Admiral was also a May foal, but he won the 1937 Derby six days after his third birthday.—ED.

ON THE TABLE

Sirs:

The article *Clump of the Chop and Loop* (May 11) was very much appreciated here and received quite a bit of mention at our local table tennis club. Table tennis definitely does have followers, and I believe you will have to agree that they far exceed the "2,000 registered players" mentioned in the article. One indication was a tournament for junior players sponsored by a TV station in New York City. Witnesses say that more than 500 players participated, while many others were rejected.

I was fortunate enough to attend another tournament in Greenville, S.C., about six weeks ago. As I did not know anyone there I questioned some of the players to see if they were members of the national U.S. Table Tennis Association. They looked at me quite puzzled and said, "I never knew there was one!" This is amazing. Table tennis players from six or seven states were in attendance, the event was being held in a large, well-lit YMCA gymnasium, playing conditions were excellent and a generally above-average caliber of play prevailed.

Good table tennis is something most people have never seen. Thanks to your recent recognition of it, the game may now get more of the spectators and players that it justly deserves.

BOWIE G. MARTIN

Lenham, Md.

continued

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10TH HOLE

Sirs:

Barbara La Fontaine has outperformed all our expectations. Her article on the U.S. Open Table Tennis Championships isn't just good, as a player, I can tell you it is excellent.

J. RICHARD HARRISON
Recording Secretary
U.S. Table Tennis Assoc.

Newark, Del.

Sirs,

Possibly the best player in the U.S. was not at the tournament. Houshang Bonagzadeh, an Iranian student at the State College of Iowa, could not attend the Open because of lack of funds.

Houshang has at times beaten all of America's best. He showed his table tennis prowess at the 1981 men's National Team Tournament in Detroit, where he had a perfect record of 10 wins and no losses to lead the individual competition. Recently, at the Great Plains Open in St. Louis, he beat the U.S. seventh- and ninth-ranking players in spite of the fact that he had not touched a racket in four months.

Iowa City, Iowa

JAY MCGREW

Sirs,

As a longtime supporter of the game, I was happy to read Barbara La Fontaine's informative summary of table tennis in the U.S. It might be even more helpful for enthusiasts of the sport if you published the address of the Table Tennis Association and some details on how to become a member of this organization.

Lugene, Ore.

VICTOR A. SNICKUS

● Write USITA Membership Chairman Graham B. Steenhoven, 5319 Cadieux Road, Detroit 24, Mich.—ED.

SO EASY

Sirs,

This may be a belated comment on your article *Who Says You Can't Win 'Em All?* (April 13), but unfortunately your prediction was a bit premature.

I have just witnessed the most humiliating defeat of a U.S. basketball team ever to play on foreign soil and, of all places, in Moscow! The team consisted mainly of members of the AAU and called themselves the U.S. National Team. Five members of this team will be on the Olympic team. The Moscow scores were 82-65 and 79-60. One Moscow newspaper ran a headline on the games that read: *WE KNEW WE WOULD WIN, BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD BE SO EASY!*

Moscow, U.S.S.R.,

JACQUE D. KINKADE

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

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Discretionary income

1954	110 BILLION*
1964	208 BILLION*
1974	405 BILLION*



Which is one reason why there'll be so many two-car families in 1974 (the other being suburban living).

Two-or-more-car families

1954	4,150,000*
1964	9,000,000*
1974	21,500,000*



Sources: (1) U.S. Dept. of Commerce; (2) European Travel Commission; (3) Univ. of Michigan Survey of Consumer Finances; (4) U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare; (5) Bureau of the Census; (6) J. Walter Thompson Co. (Auto Journalism); (7) W. B. Simmons & Associates Research Inc. (Selective Markets and the Media Reaching Them); (8) Extrapolations; (9) Market Development Manager, David L. McCoskey.

The outlook for 10 years hence, then, is for a population of Americans marked by, among other things, an increase of YOUTH, of MONEY, of EDUCATION.

If those three words sound familiar, if not outright indigenous to these Memos, that is on purpose. SI appeals to an audience which exhibits these three qualities in abundance. In other words, we reach the market of the future—right now.

A recognized authority on that market of the future is Arno Johnson, Vice President and Senior Economist of the J. Walter Thompson Company, whose foresights on the American economy over the last 15 years have had a remarkable batting average. Mr. Johnson has one worry. In a recent speech, "Stop Underestimating Your Sales Potential," he asked if American advertisers are planning to spend enough against the enormous potentialities of the market of tomorrow.

Said he: "This revolutionary change in income structure of our families could provide greatly expanded markets—provided families moving up in income and productivity are educated and inspired to want and to work toward the same or equivalent standards of living and personal consumption of

goods and services now found in families with \$10,000 to \$15,000 incomes.

"As millions move up in education, income, and type of occupation there will be a natural urge toward social mobility—toward emulating the habits and living customs of the groups into which they move. This could mean increased opportunities for those products or brands which establish an acceptance status or favorable 'image,' associated with the new upgraded standards of living.

"To unshackle this economic growth we need both the development of desires and sufficiently increased selling and advertising efforts to change latest needs and desires into insistent demand."

We couldn't be more delighted to agree with Mr. Johnson. We all know from personal experience that no one can predict with absolute certainty what will happen tomorrow, let alone 10 years from now. But just suppose. As increasing numbers of families move into the higher income brackets over the next 10 years, they almost surely are going to emulate the people who occupy those brackets today. Won't the families whose leads they will follow in what they do, where they go, how they live and what they buy be the kinds of families who are reading SI right now?

If this be so, it means that if you sell those SI families today—establish your goods or services and name in their minds—the market for your wares is bound to expand tomorrow.

SI, in effect (and with very great effect indeed), reaches tomorrow's market—TODAY.


ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR

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